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WILD MARY.

BY NATHAN D. URNER.

Mine is a tale of the rollicking woods,
And a maiden who dwells by the river,
Who sings like the birds in the solitudes,
And her words make a bold music shiver.
She wears a chaplet of blood-red leaves;
Her eyes have a strange, wild gleaming,
She has coal-black hair, and a face that is fair,
And she walks as one who is dreaming.

"Oh, Mary! wild Mary! what sentinel thou have?
Why dost thou thus wander alone?
Thy mind is it ill, and the season is cold,
To whom art thou calling and crying?"
"Hush, hush!" she mutters, her fingers upraised;
"Know'st thou not that he comes to-morrow?"
And then, with a laugh, she has vanished,
She has walked (still wary) in sorrow.

"I tell thee to-morrow," so he said last night,
When here by the river we parted.
Four not he will break his true love plight,
His own Mary to leave broken-hearted."
Poor, hapless one! it was not last night,
Nor the night that preceded,
That here, beside the lone-rolling tide,
You parted from your true lover.

"Even now you can hear the cataract's roar,
And see its rainbow's shimmer;
Yet still the sun-down it rise no more,
Until he—whom a false love's summer"
"Is there, then, no hope?" she gazed on me
In a way that made me start—
"To-morrow! Nor will he less welcome be
For having been with a false love."

"See! I am crowned for the wedding-to-day,
And my bridal-robe is here;
Never always loved to delay,
And surely I never was fonder."
"Sir Jarnic is dead this many a year;
His thee home with thy crazy sorrow."
Her look was stern, and her voice severe—
"I tell thee he comes to-morrow."

"Oh, Mary! sad ghost of dark yesterday,
Not alone in thy grief art thou stricken;
Wild mind, dark shadow over the lone river
Hath memories ever most thicken
Around thy grief-blasted existence's west-wrecked
Wreck!
With its terrible voice of thunder,
And the Witches' Caldron, hoary and grim,
That forever is fretting under.

KATE ARLINGTON;

OR,

The Buccaneer's Bride.

A STORY OF SHIP AND SHORE.

By SYLVANUS COBB, Jr.

CHAPTER I.

PLOTTERS AT THE BROWN BEAR.

One sunny summer afternoon (it was in the time of which we write that broad and imposing section of Devonshire, Devon, extending from Milk to Summer, was best a narrow, torturous alley, and between Frog and Summer an old dairy and row yard still marked the spot which had afterward been the centre of Acosta's pasture. From Milk to Frank ran the by-way now known as Theatre Alley, and those who might not be aware of the fact would never dream that here the renowned the Stardom House could find in this Alley quarters which opened to them credit. About half way on the narrow pass, above the door of a dingy wooden building, was suspended a sign bearing upon its two faces the representation of a dirty looking brown bear, and underneath the same picture, in fair old English letters, was the legend—"Come we in, and I'll make him dance."

Douglas Dunlap kept the Brown Bear. He had kept it for years. We do not know that he was related to the "Mother Dunlap," whose well-known—to the last generation of Bostonians—lobscous sign appeared on the opposite side of the way, and survived the theatre. We can only say that Douglas was known to his friends as a jolly fellow, and that his lodge special was not lobscous and beer mugs in Theatre Alley.

It was late in the day—a June day, that had been dull and lowering—when a party of three men occupied the little back parlor of the Brown Bear. The apartment was of goodly proportion, comfortably furnished, with chairs and tables of solid English oak, the floor of sanded, and the walls adorned with through a broad skylight in the sloping roof. The men who had entered farthest from the door from the one that communicated with the tap-room, and were dipping their small pewter ladles into a bowl of cold punch.

As these men have their parts to play in our story we may as well introduce them before proceeding further. They were all dressed in the garb of the sea, and their faces and hands had that crisp, brown look which betokens a life of exposure to the vicissitudes of heat and of the weather.

The man who appeared to be the party, being the shortest, was probably over forty-three. He was not far from five and thirty-inch tall, with yellow hair and light complexion. His face was strongly marked, and the lower part of it was shaded by a heavy brown beard, worn in the shape that would have been known as the "Vandyke" in later years. His forehead, sloping away to a high crown, was bare. We have said that he was short, but his slimness was only comparative. His great height—two or three inches over six feet—gave the appearance. His limbs lacked was of fine material than were those of his companions, and upon the point of the rolling collar was a small silver star. This man's name was Mark Rowland.

The second man was of middle age—perhaps five and forty—large and strong; with a full, round face, and a pair of eyes that were wide apart, where they were encased in a kind of a substitute. He was a genuine sea-dog, and his broad face gave evidence, in its strong and battered features, of many a severe conflict. This was Roger Wade. The silver whistle which was suspended about his neck by a chain of the same metal indicated very plainly his office of boatswain.

The third man was full fifty years of age; a short, broad-shouldered, grizzled veteran; with a face knotted and seamed with age, a stern, gray hair, and beetling brows—which last, by the way, he had the habit of working out—shocked about a head that was large enough to hold the brain of a judge. He wore a rough pea-jacket, and upon the collar of his blue shirt appeared a pair of cross-cannons, wrought with white thread. This man answered to the name of Grant Gurney, and though he appeared to treat Rowland as his superior, yet it was plain to be seen that he was held in great respect by both the others.

The three men had sipped their punch in a while in silence, when Roger Wade took quarterly upon the table with his ladle, and called upon Douglas Dunlap, who sat on the end of three more, made his appearance from the tap-room.

"Ah! I see the signs of the captain yet!" demanded Rowland.

"Not yet," answered the host. "I'll send him in as soon as he comes."

"And he may not let me see him in."

"I'll look out for that, sir."

"Serve us another bowl o' punch, Douglas," said Gurney. "We may as well be doing something, and the captain may be some time."

"Hold on," interposed Wade, with a deprecatory gesture. "We must have clear heads if the captain's news is in order."

"Read!" cried Gurney, with a laugh, "you may let old Dunlap alone for taking care of that. He knows the difference atween the cost of what's in his well and what's in his pipes, and the tingle o' his brew shows 'at he's honest enough to sell it as it is. There's never enough put in to drown a headlubber. One more bowl—and tell it be run at the bottom this time."

Dunlap took the joke kindly, and the more so as Rowland signified his willingness to have another bowl of punch set upon the board. The fresh liquor was brought in, with pipes and tobacco, and the trio were left once more to themselves.

"Come, Grant, a power for your thoughts!"

It was Rowland who spoke. Grant Gurney looked up with a start, his gray locks blowing between the table and his lips, and having emptied the contents of the pipe-bowl, accepted the contents of the ladle down his throat and replied:

"If ye thought to stop that tort o' grog, Lieutenant, you're mistaken. As for my thoughts, d'ye see, 'e have yours first?"

"Well," said the old dog, after a pause, "I don't know as there can be any harm in even-handle's one's lubber-box afore true shipmates; and as you have given the example, I'll spin the captain's in kind of a wild one. I can't say 'at I 'exactly' like the scheme, but don't offer no objection. I only hold my opinion back for the present, and by-and-bye I'll speak out."

"You are right, old boy: and I am with you," answered Rowland.

Both the men looked at their companion, who quaffed over his cup.

"I find no fault seein' as the cap'n means to do the fair thing by us," he said, "and I guess he will divide his prize-money with us."

"Ah! that's the point," said Wade.

"I suppose," resumed Roger Wade, scowling until his dark face looked fearfully evil and malignant, "I suppose Rowland's ingotion grudge enough to load me in the mutiny. I won't forget that he broke me once, though I say it, yet it's true—he broke a better man than he put over me. When he took me down from my mate's berth he did the handsome thing by me, and I'll do the same by him. I'll never set afore the mast in a ship where I'd once been in the cabin."

And you never wronged him!" responded Rowland, more for the purpose of touching one of the boatswain's favorite topics than for gaining information.

"Never!" replied Wade, bringing his fist upon the table with a force that lifted the pewter. "I was true to him all the time. I would have got too much work out of his men. The fellow wouldn't have it. He—he—he—he—he—he—he!" And here Wade's laugh went into one or two o'ot thought so. They was a set o' sanctimonious, lily-livered fools, that's true. That was it. I say, let's go in for Barker Dixon's gold. The owner man her over Reuben Arlington was, and Arlington made the greatest blunder of his life when he gave Dixon his discharge. A better sailor nor ship-master don't sail the briny deep, that's true.

"I go for Barker Dixon, sartin," responded Gurney.

"I don't think the cap'n will question my faith," added Rowland.

"In course not," said Gurney. "He knows who's who. He knows who to trust. You wouldn't be a lieftenant of the earnest craft at floats if you hadn't showed a respectable bit of trust-worthiness."

"As for that matter," suggested Wade, "our skipper ain't easy to be cheated by men. He knows about as much as he ought to; but I've sometimes fancied, at his head was a-bothered, 'at he was a-thinkin' o' Barker Dixon."

The lieutenant shook his head negatively. He did not believe it.

"It's so," persisted the swart boatswain, earnestly.

And still Rowland expressed incredulity. He did not think the captain could be fooled, even by a woman.

Then put Roger Wade to his mettle. He was not a man given to many words under any circumstances, but when he was roused he was fiercely cool. In some particulars he was a match for his superiors. He punched forward and outboard into silence, and his tongue was correspondingly loosened.

"Look ye," said he, with a heavy blow of his fist upon the table, "no good 'll come to Barker Dixon of this thing. He'll better let the gal go her own way. She ain't to blame for what she can't help."

"Humph!" interrupted Gurney. "'at Did Arlington ever ought to have married the girl 'e'd tried to ruin and kill?"

"That's just it," answered Wade. "Dixon loved Miss Kate, and wanted her for a wife. Look! how old Arlington did huff and pout when he knew that the girl and Dixon had each eyes snapped. But it wasn't so to be. Then Dixon tipped him downright, with ondestandal—a young doctor, whose father was a friend of Arlington's, and—and—"

"Was this plan for Dixon to give in, that he'd go to' gain by exile? and run away?" asked Gurney. "It don't give him much credit, she don't."

"Now there's a good deal of ugliness in this work," ventured the old gunner. "It's a thousand pities Dixon looks at matters in a vengo upon Reuben Arlington is to deer for the gal to be easily handled. The master that he'd be safely out o' the way, and the gal'd have her heart's love for his company, with a sea-going lieftenant, and she'll be of age at less than six months."

"Humph!" said Gurney, in delight. "That's talk to set a person. Fill up, lads, and let's drink to Barker Dixon's success."

Their bad plot completed their cups, then Dunlap put his head in at the door, and gave them a bit of startling news.

"Has the cap'n come?" asked Rowland.

"No."

And in a few moments more Barker Dixon, the owner of the ship Ocean Queen, the commander, entered the parlor, carefully closing the door behind him. He was a man of not more than thirty years of age; slightly above the medium height; but strongly and compactly built; with broad shoulders and well-developed limbs, and that air of conscious superiority which a man wears who is strong and well-to-do, and who is in the habit of being obeyed. His hair was jetty black, and his eyes were of the same color. His face, like his eyes, too, were black, and very bright; but their brightness was not pleasant to look upon. There was a fitful gleam in them, and a restless, uncertain movement of the head. As he entered the room he threw his shoulders back in the cloak of blue cloth, revealing beneath a seaman's garb of fine quality—trowsers and roundabout jacket,—and the only official token of garb to be seen was a vest of dark buff cloth, with gold buttons. And this, to the initiated, was a token of high authority, for none save officers of rank wore a garment of that description.

The three men arose from the table as their commander entered, and saluted him respectfully. He had a quick glance over the group, and then, with a nod,—

"Cool heads, my men. We're work before us."

"He will be at Arlington's home to-night. The old man gives a party in honor of the return home of his son."

"Ah! I've heard word down on rather a heavy convoy!" queried Gurney. "If it's to be a party of that sort, it'll be likely to be a big one."

Barker Dixon nodded and smiled.

"For which very reason," he said, "a pair of lovers will be likely to hail off by themselves. The evening promises to be a pleasant one, and be sure Arlington's garden will offer many temptations for the young folks. Do you understand?"

The old gunner gazed for a while into the captain's face, and finally a gleam of intelligence came into his eyes, and a broad smile overspread his features. Gurney laughed, and Wade rose from his seat.

By holding the gal on her true lover's arm, she'll be safe from the wiles of the gal," said Rowland, holding his cup aloft.

The others joined their small silver tankards with nothing more was left on the board, and Douglas Dunlap was called in. Gurney called in, and Dixon paid the reckoning from his own purse. By this time the shades of evening were gathering over the city, and when, one by one, the party left the house, they stepped forth into a welcome gloom.

CHAPTER II.

THE LOVERS, AND THE AMBUSH.

On Pearl street, not far from Park, with its extensive grounds running back toward Fort Hill, was the mansion of Reuben Arlington. We remember it as we saw it thirty years ago, when it was the finest house in the country palace half hidden by the trees and flags. It was an old structure then, though strong and grand—grander than now, for—and it would be grand even now, despite the towering walls of granite which have arisen on every hand, could it be put back there with its lovely surroundings of shrubbery and old oaks and sycamores. But it has gone, and not even a vestige of it is left. Its site is now covered by a massive and part of the former park. Even Pock Hill itself—historic spot!—has fallen before the busy spade of the improver.

Reuben Arlington was a man of fifty—one of the old men of Boston—a merchant, a ship-owner, and a man of wealth. Of family he had but two—his wife and his son. Others there had been born to him, but they had died before they had been weaned to grow up. And these two had come and departed in early life. There had been months, and years, wherein it had not been expected that either Arlington would survive; but they had been cared for without regard to the cost of labor or money, and either had employed the best medical assistance to be found in the country, and the best of food nursed and prayed. The boy was named Reuben, after his father, and the girl, who was born the first had been given the name of Kate, the boy yet tottered with weakness. Two years more have passed when Thomas Gaston, who had been pursuing his medical studies in this city, returned to his home in Devonshire, at the course of his visits to the old friends of his father he found Kate the idol of Reuben Arlington. He saw Orville, and was interested in the young man's story of trouble in which was being pursued by the attending physician of the Arlington family.

Tom Gaston was young enough to think that timeonly three and twenty—but he was vastly in earnest. He engaged in the undertaking old leeches whose steps had never carried them where they could confirm their original favor-fold. And then Doctor Tom was old in a certain sense, and in that sense he was young, he had possessed common-sense. Books were his companions, but he had not been content to the very of a closet; he had sought for real observations from nature, and worked out his conclusions from the facts that were before the possibilities of the case. Tom Gaston spent two days beneath Arlington's roof, and at the end of that time he said:—

"The Orville girl will die. She will die. Give him to me, and I will save him."

And he did save him, in the age of eighteen, had lost little of his boyishness. Doctor Tom Gaston; and from that time he had increased, if anything, in the love that Arlington bore him. And then, when he was nineteen, Dr. Tom had said that he must start out in search of a trip to India and back would finish the cure. He had a certain object in view in making the law, and when he had said, "Let it be a season," the old man had said, "Let it be a season," and he had said, "Let it be a season," and he had said, "Let it be a season," and he

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sky of the man who had displaced the old physician as her brother's bedside; but she had soon come to respect him; and when she found that he was a man of good family and rather subjective ideas those of his profession, she came to love him. He was a man of about twenty-six years old. At the age of five and twenty, as we now and him, Thomas Gaston was a man whom any true woman, looking for the strength and faith of trustworthy manhood, might have loved. He was of medium size; faultless in form and figure; full of muscular strength and vitality; polished in manner; and, above all, wearing that bold, frank, open look which is the sign of high intellectual capacity. His hair was brown and soft, neither straight nor curly, and he wore it back from the full brow at times, quite long which the pencil of the true artist so lovingly follows. His eyes were of a dark, warm gray, large and clear and full; and the lower features were strong and handsome. In short, he was every inch a man, and true at that, he could look and romp with children and be well and lively, and he had the delicate sensitiveness of frame by believing that his true heart was all her own.

It was well into the evening, and a portion of the company was in the drawing-room with which Dr. Yon had just emerged, when the door was approached by Orville and Kate with their two friends in convoy. The quartette were in the midst of a merry laugh, the familiar face of Kate would instantly tell the other three had been making fun at her expense.

"Dr. Tom," cried one of the trio, "we will leave it to you. You shall decide for us. We have had a dispute, and the more we dispute the more we don't agree. Now what we want to know is this—"

At this point Kate threw up her head and broke away, and as her three companions could not seem inclined to follow her, Dr. Tom did. He found her in a deep recess in the rear parlor, upon a sofa, and he sat down beside her.

"What is it, Kate?"

"It is nothing, Tom. They have been bothering me, as usual."

"Why so, darling?"

"Oh—about you."

"Well, let's leave them to themselves. Let you and me walk out into the garden. It is a lovely evening, and the bright stars invite us."

The maiden did not, as was her wont, immediately reply.

"Do you object?" asked Tom, with a touch of disappointment in his voice.

"No, no—not that," said Kate, looking up into his face, and taking his hand. "Before—but what is it?"

"I was thinking."

"You were thinking of leaving your guests. But you will not be missed for a little while. A fact, is the pure truth as it will not harm a woman."

"I will get my hat and mantle," said Kate, arising from the sofa, "and you meet you in the lower hall." She hesitated a moment, as though she would speak, but she refrained. Presently she turned and went away.

When Gaston saw this show of reluctance he blamed himself for having urged the movement. All his companions had already been boasting her on his account, and how much more would they have to say when they saw her parading and walking with him in the garden. He had not thought of this, and he would have given up the project, but he had gone, and he could not call her back. He would meet her in the hall, however, as he had appointed, and if she then had a wish in the matter, he would respect it.

Had some kind genius given to Tom Gaston, at that time, the power to look into the future, he would be have seen how big with fate was the hour. He would have seen the end of trial and pain and doubt, and he would have whispered to himself words of encouragement, and how a darker and more resting order was coming to one whom he loved—could the magic power have been his only for one brief moment, how different might have been the story of that night! For he could not see—he could not hear. He had caught up his hat and gone into music room, and gone out into the garden, and the dark hand might have been lifted. But it was too late now!

When he reached the lower hall he found it deserted. A single lamp, upon a side bracket, was burning near the door, and he saw in the kitchen beyond the cook and servant at work. Overhead he heard the tramp and laughter of the dancers, and he was debating with himself whether he had not better repair them, when a light footfall upon the stair-way broke upon his ear, decided the matter.

"Come, Thomas."

"Yes tremble, Kate. Let us not go if you would prefer to return."

"Not now," she said. "Since we have made the appointment, let us go. We will not stay long in the garden."

She had thrown on a silken mantle, and a light hat of straw, and was ready for the walk, and taking her lover's arm she led him forward the door, and out into the open garden. The evening was calm and serene, and the many atmospheric odors from the rich aroma of a thousand blossoming sweets. A full moon was just commencing to rise, and scarce would but they did not obstruct the bright star beams. It was a night to make the strongest impress that a lover in the world.

"Kate," said the young man, as they entered one of the narrow, shaded garden walks, "I am almost sorry that I permitted you to come out. I am sure you would have preferred to remain with your guests."

"No, Tom—not if you find that we had better return. You must not, in the present circumstances, consider my feelings—you must consider them, be sure they look only to your well-being and happiness. If we wished to be to urge this thing."

"I do not—I pledge so much. Dester Gaston, let me take my darling to my heart that I was as ready to cease as we were yesterday. But let us not be more direct. We have broken from the fold, and we may as well enjoy our liberty while it lasts. I assure my that I profoundly admire the crowded rooms, and the fumes and the heat. The atmosphere of the garden is more congenial."

"And your company, sweet Kate, is dearer to me than the company of all the world besides. Can you say as much for me?"

"I can dear Tom—but on all the earth there lives not one who holds place deeper or firmer in my heart's best love than you, and you do you. Will not that suffice?"

"Yes, darling. And it sufficeth the more because I know from its notes that it comes from the fullness of your heart."

"Where are we followed, Thomas?"

"Wait a moment."

They stood still, and bent their ears, listening attentively. The point which they had reached was at a considerable distance from the house, and in a broad opening of velvety sward close upon the edge of a dense grove of native oaks—a grove which Mr. Arlington had left untouched out with considerable care, beneath the giant branches of which many a picnic party had found shade and rest. Guided by those who had knowledge and taste the prettiest grove within the limits of the estate, not so extensive as that on Pemberton's Hill, but far more like a miniature forest, and more deeply shaded.

The sound which our adventurers had heard, and at first started to note from the grove, but as it was not immediately repeated they soon concluded that it was only that part of the garden they had traversed.

"If the busy-bodies have followed us," said Dr. Tom, "we might hide from them in the grove, or slip around by the northern wall, and get back without being discovered."

"Hark! It is not behind us. There is some one in the grove."

"Then others of the guests have come out before us. Let us go back."

They had turned, and were retracing their steps, when suddenly there came from the front, close at hand, causing them to halt; and they looked around them in consternation, a number of dark forms rushing forward them. With the instinct of a brave spirit Gaston sprang before his companion, and as he did so two powerful men caught him by the arms.

"Who be you?" demanded one of them.

"I am Thomas Gaston," the young man fully assured that no name on earth ought to be so full of terror to the bosom of his fair companion.

"And this lady—"

"Is Miss Kate Arlington."

"A pooty pair, and well mated for a moon-light ramble, I reckon. Be you married, Dester?"

Gaston's indignation at this impudent salute got the better, for a moment, of his judgment, and putting all his might upon them he broke of the man who had grasped it, he struck the other a blow in the face which felled him to the ground, and the intended victim was at hers. Before he could recover himself, and before he had thought of calling for help, he was thrown violently upon his back, and while two men held him down another, a third, and a third lashed and gagged him. The lashing of his arms was done behind his back, and the gagging was accomplished by forcing a wad of cloth into his mouth, and then over the two ends behind the neck.

Meantime two other men had seized Kate, and their first object had been to prevent her from giving an alarm, to which end they had secured a gag, but they were not aware of one which they had bound her arms as her companion's had been.

Tom Gaston saw the maiden held between two of the ruffians, and he saw the struggle of the man. His whole soul boiled he broke from the ruffians who held him, and he had thought of calling for help, but he was powerless. The cord upon his arms was strong and he could only struggle with a smothered agony as he found himself drawn rudely back by his captors.

Come, my man," said one of the gang—a powerful, muscular man, dressed in a suit of rough clothes, "you don't kick up a fuss and hurt yourself, we won't hurt you. Be easy, and we'll do well by ye."

Gaston looked up, and by the pale moonlight his mind that the man was a stout, swarthy, and that he was dressed in a sooner's suit. He was a stranger, and not a member of the guests.

"Who are you?" he demanded, when he

THE BLEST OLD MAN OF EIGHTY.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

Earth has many precious pictures,
Rainbows and the storms of life,
Giving our existence beauty,
And with even glory rife:
Our memories are many, blended,
Of pleasure and of pain,
And it has given but mere previews
Of the loveliness of heaven.
With the lowliest of the reaper—
A clear old man of eighty!

On his head a few hairs linger,
And some wrinkles mark his face,
But they seem to give it only
A more heavenly grace;
While his frame, though in mere stalwart,
Yet has vigor that can still
Offer power for the spirit
To enforce its waiting will—
A hale old man of eighty!

Oh, he seems, and is, so happy!
For he has lived to see
That he has used not nor abused
From the living Father God.
Faith he had—oh, who is perfect?—
But he fought to keep them down:
Trod on the serpent Pride,
He has sent and wears a crown—
A grand old man of eighty!

Often men are crowned round him,
His experience to win;
Often, too, they are ungracious
From the ruins, over which
All the children are delighted
On his trifling leave to preach.
Oh, how sure the Spirit's goodness
Has been with the blest old man—
A good old man of eighty!

There, or rich or want unbearing,
There is a gracious friend,
Loving and beloved, in sunset
Waiting to be ending rest.
Some of his own children linger,
Some have gone to heaven,
And with their hour of waiting
Go the Everlasting Hours.
Often on his eyes lies unsaid,
While his thin lips softly cry,
"O! do you see that, my darling?
May I soon step to their sky?"—
The old, old man of eighty!

A BONE of CONTENTION
—OR—
The Waldemar Succession

By MRS. HARRIET LEWIS,

AUTHOR OF "THE MARKET BUTTER," "THE DAUGHTER-IN-LAW," "THE DARE," "THE OLD CAPTAIN'S SECRET," "A DARING GAME," ETC., ETC.

We here give a synopsis of that portion of the story which has appeared in previous numbers of the New York Ledger, for the benefit of readers who may not go on just as though they had read it all:

Mr. Waldemar, the heroine of Hesse Hall, is the true but unknown heiress of Lord Waldemar, who died in Germany, and left his estate to Colonel Waldemar, a cousin, but to a cousin who died before she knew that Sir Hugh lived her father married Grace Moor, a sister of Lord Waldemar, but discovering his evil nature, she had fled from him, and died in poverty, leaving her child to the care of Mrs. Grace Moor (another sister), the man's granddaughter, named Hilda Floyd, the only child of the latter's husband and first wife, son, and of whose existence Moor had been entirely ignorant. Hilda was also a granddaughter to Lord Waldemar's brother, Sir Hugh Waldemar, and was acknowledged by his heirship as the principal and heir. She was also engaged to marry his cousin Hilda, and so secure the fortune to the latter, which Moor had hoped to secure to himself without his having any claim upon it, and had a strange power over Hilda and her companion, Mrs. Watchley, formed a conspiracy, and in fact compelled Hilda to accept Moor as her husband, by threatening to expose the fact that Lord Waldemar's son was living, and that Hilda had her only chance of securing her position and fortune was by marrying her cousin James, so as to prevent Moor from exposing his intended fraud. Hilda, to save Mr. Waldemar from exposure, married Moor, and became, in consequence, a pain to her supposed step-mother at Bolton, where Sir Hugh engaged Hesse Hall, was surrounded by Judson, Mrs. Earle, and with his daughter, Gusty Waldemar, and Hilda's former lover, Jack Ingraham, who had no peculiar love for that purpose. The result of this movement is unfolded in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE JOURNEY'S END.

At daybreak upon the morning subsequent to Hume's disappearance from Bolton, the gipsy wagon in which she was now hidden away under a disguise which was likely to defy penetration, came to a halt in a lonely country lane in Derbyshire, some forty miles from the town of Bolton.

The spot was one that had served a long period time as the scene of a gipsy encampment. It was strangely secluded, with a few uneven tall hedges, with no chimneys anywhere visible, save a few, and a wide, a mere brook, crossed the highway, and was spanned by a rustic bridge.

Bing unharnessed his horses, and tethered them to the hedge, and then the gipsy woman was drawn out upon the bridge by Bing, looking every inch a gipsy in his disguise, polished sticks of dry wood, fallen twigs and branches from trees at a little distance overhanging the brook, and laid them for a fire. Then he called his daughter.

The rear door of the wagon opened, and Gusty Bing came forth in all the bravery of her gipsy costume.

"Is Miss Grace awake?" asked the valet, in a low voice.

"She hasn't slept a wink she tells me," replied the girl, in a tone of personal injury.

"Is she up?" he inquired. "She takes it harder than I expected. But she'll keep her word, Gusty, you may be sure of that. I've got and I were to leave her here all alone, she wouldn't stay after she was promised that she wouldn't. She's one of that nappy sort that will keep their word. I'll go in and see her."

"If you'll be so kind as to fix your fire, and invited Hume to come out into the fresh air.

The young prisoner descended from the wagon, and looked around.

To the low mist for the morning subsequent overflood, and an April turf under foot. The sun was low. A few birds were singing in the fields near by. Honor walked up and down this strip of turf beside the wagon, grass-grown lane, very silent and very thoughtful.

Gusty Bing replaced one of the newspaper sticks with which the wagon was revivified a breakfast. She filled the kettle at the brook, while her father lighted the fire. He hung the tea-kettle over it, and cross piece of wood upon two crotched sticks, over the fire.

Gusty brought some potatoes from one of the baskets below and set to work to wash them, while she buried the potatoes in them, leaving them to roast in the ashes. Bing produced from its embroidered a good-sized roll of meat, neatly packed with bread, cold roasted fowls, boiled tongue, pies, cheese, a can of condensed milk, a parcel of sugar, and other edibles. This was subsequently the lowest step at the rear of the wagon. Gusty then made over the tea-kettle, and breakfast was soon ready.

Bing considered his involuntary guest rejoined, after having her a camp stool. Honor placed it in the doorway of the wagon, and Gusty upon it, and then brought to her a clean table napkin and a plate, served her with respectful courtesy.

"You must eat, Miss, if you don't want to get ill," he said. "Those eyes of yours look downright wild. No one will harm you. You've only to fancy yourself at a picnic to enjoy this out-door life. The roads are good, the weather fine, and you can walk about as much as you like. Take my advice. Don't fret yourself, for it can't be helped."

Honor did not answer, but she drank a cup of coffee and ate a portion of the food which Gusty brought to her. Her pallors waited until she had finished eating, and then ate their breakfasts with appetite.

After the repast, Gusty regarded the hamper, and Bing fixed himself to the horses, which were cropping the close brown herbage by the side of the road. Gusty then seated herself, dressed in a long cloak, and went to sleep in the wagon, rolled up in a blanket, and Honor was left to herself.

A lamp burned dreamily here upon a wooden shelf, the light sufficient to reveal the luxuriousness and dreariness of the place. A woman sat before a cheerless fire, with disheveled shawl, a tall, gaunt personage, hoarded, with a sharp nose and chin, and a hooked nose, the swarthy face lit by a pair of gleaming eyes, as she warmed her hands over a few sticks, and in a cushion of black hair surmounting her head.

"It's I, Judith!" said Bing, laying down his umbrella and releasing his cloak with a shake from any of the cloth.

"I supposed it was," said the amiable Miss Bing in her usual gracious tone. "Ain't hasn't been but two minutes since you came in for an umbrella, I did not take you to be the Prime Minister come on a visit to me."

"What is the young lady's room?" inquired Bing.

"This way," replied Miss Bing, snatching up the lamp. "Bing for a fool!"

She flitted along the hall, her footsteps echoing, and began to mount a flight of stone stairs. Honor was forced to follow her, Bing coming behind her. Grimrod, I have followed you advice, and have—have fallen in love with Miss Floyd. I asked her this morning to marry me, and she consented. We are betrothed."

Grimrod's knightsbridan visage did not exhibit any surprise. Mark Earle's face did, however, and with a boldness foreign to his nature—

"Allow me to congratulate you, sir. You have won a beautiful bride, of whom you may be proud. Miss Floyd is very much my equal in point of beauty, and is as amiable as she is handsome. She will make you happy, I do not doubt."

"Grimrod made a grimace as if tasting a bitter potion.

"She's a bitter pill to me, Grimrod," he said, with a frankness that brought a dull red flush to the manager's face, "but then she is a glorious bargain. My business manager, it's of course to your interests to exalt your position into a goddess. She'll bear all the flattery you can force upon her, and I'll be glad to see you do it. Mrs. Earle, you will be kind enough to see that Miss Floyd's wishes become Baroness of Waldemar. But you must not be jealous, Mrs. Earle. I am no lackadaisical lover, sighing my heart out. I know what I want, and Floyd has got a jewel. I suppose that she's vain, selfish, and ungrateful, but I'll marry her. I must have a wife, and I'll marry her. I shall make her a good husband, and she a glorious wife. As my business manager, it's of course to your interests to exalt your position into a goddess. She'll bear all the flattery you can force upon her, and I'll be glad to see you do it. Mrs. Earle, you will be kind enough to see that Miss Floyd's wishes become Baroness of Waldemar. But you must not be jealous, Mrs. Earle. I am no lackadaisical lover, sighing my heart out. I know what I want, and Floyd has got a jewel. I suppose that she's vain, selfish, and ungrateful, but I'll marry her. I shall make her a good husband, and she a glorious wife. As my business manager, you will be glad to hear that I am fully invalidated your marriage to Hesse. I wish to Heaven it had been with Hilda, and I—as of course you have destroyed it. But the register of the marriage between Hilda and the widow of the chapel, and has by this time been transferred to the possession of the Waldemar family. Hilda is free."

Knowing that there were no proofs of that fact, except in existence for a longer date, and to obviate in question, Darrel Moor could have destroyed the register, Mrs. Earle looked unbelieving courteously.

"Mr. Moor's telegram is not very clear," said Sir Hugh, after a moment's reflection, "and I must ask for further explanations concerning it. Grimrod

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1872.

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Dreams and Their Significance.

Every once in a while a story is started of some dream which proved to be the precursor of a coming event. These stories always go the rounds of the papers, and are the subject of almost universal interest and comment. They are quite differently regarded by different persons. By some they are looked upon as the relics of an old superstition, and as mere accidental coincidences. Then, that You have known one dream to be fulfilled; how many hundreds or thousands have you had, or known others to have, which have never come to pass?

Again, it undoubtedly often happens that dreams are but the reproductions, in new forms, thoughts, hopes or fears which have occupied the mind when awake.

This, however, is not always the case; for sometimes the subjects of dreams, and the views which they present, are entirely new to us, and such as never occurred to the dreamer before.

The importance given to dreams in several passages of Scripture, and the great pains to dispel entire disbelief in them; but these who on most occasions find it to their interest to know in what light to regard them. Pharaoh's dream was by God Himself, as well as but Joseph; and yet it was as terrible in its realization, that it lingers in the mind of every one who reads it. Even in this day there must be some meaning to their dreams; they fear it may be as terrible in its import as attributed to Pharaoh's, but they have no Joseph at hand as an interpreter.

The *Providence Journal* recently published an account of a young lady from New York, who, while visiting in Providence, had a dream in which her mother, whom she had left well at home, appeared to her. She awoke, fell asleep again, and the same vision was repeated. It was so vivid and impressive, that in the morning she spoke of it to several persons. About noon of the same day she received a telegram that her sister had suddenly died. This incident is certainly given rise to uneasiness in thousands of minds in regard to dreams, which, so far as human observation goes, will prove to have had no significances whatever.

One thing which is calculated to diminish, and indeed entirely to destroy all ideas of there being any mysterious import in dreams, is the facility with which such dreams can be explained at any time, in most persons, by purely artificial causes. Thus, for instance, a late, indigestible supper is frequently said to be followed by unpleasant dreams, with those by no dream at all.

This last-mentioned fact seems to us to suggest reflections of the deepest and most interest. What is the reason that one person it is so much influenced by mere physical conditions and accidents? And how great, proportionately, is the control exercised over the mind by the state of the body, or, say, the stomach alone, when awake, compared with that which is so much underrated to be felt when asleep? In other words, to what extent, in what degree, is the mind only a reproduction, during life, of the physical condition? And, since the soul is immortal, the freedom from this physical control of the mind once may be one of the great changes effected by its dissolution from the body?

Winter Nights and Winter Mornings—Time for Study.

It is not only the evenings which will afford good opportunity for study, during several months to come, but the mornings as well. Let any young man adopt the principle of two hours' systematic reading before breakfast, for six months of the year, and he will find that he has acquired in that time knowledge which he would have got with far any price.

Something—a cup of coffee, for instance, or a piece of bread and butter—should always be taken before beginning to read. Study upon an entirely empty stomach is too exhausting to the system.

Try the experiment of early rising in winter, and study or reading before breakfast, and you will never wish to give it up.

This is all-important to young men whose habits are not yet formed. It will make a wide difference to them in the degree of intelligence which they will possess, and in the character and standing which they will acquire in the community.

We do not approve of too much stinting of the hours of sleep. Ample rest is requisite for the full recuperation of the energies, both physical and mental; but in respect to this, as to most other matters, the happy medium is that enough is as good as a feast.

Life is so short that much can be accomplished without a careful husbandry of what there is of it. Two hours in the morning and two in the evening, devoted daily to study, will make a wide difference in a single season between the young man who adopts this practice, and one of equal natural capacity who sleeps through his mornings, and dissipates, or even idles away, his evenings. And the difference will be as great in happiness as in character. Sloth is not enjoyment, and sleep can hardly be called life.

LETTER FROM THE MOUNTAINS.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

TWIN MOUNTAIN HOUSE,
White Mountains, Sept. 17, 1872.

Many of one's pleasantest acquaintances are formed in travelling. Although brought in contact with people of whom he has not particularly agreeable, yet one will find a large number of intelligent and genial people as it were disclosed. All seems their wares in their own cities. Here, more or less secluded. They are like birds in a tree; travel brings them into blossom, and leads it reveals them. They are like places of resort, every one is on his good behavior. They are on their mettle, and pleased. But not a little is owing to the absence of care, the relaxation of excessive and anxious work, which at home keeps the mind constantly up to the utmost tension, and almost of necessity makes men, after a while, peremptory, if not impreseatory.

In these mountains, as in western gentlemen, every one of whom, at home, is living at full drive, now spending hour after hour on the sunshiny veranda, relating stories, incidents, historico-anecdotal, or in social groups, and now falling into cordial good-fellowship after a few days' acquaintance. You get to know them at the end of a week as if members of your family were leaving. There is nothing that thaws away the formality and stiffness of respectable life so soon as a ride on the top of a coach over a mountain road with a good driver. The frail jolt starts all tongues, a plunge into the profound of soul sets all in clinching with each other; the twists and violent contortions which a severe ride produces, bring every particle of the staid and stiff out of the most inventive self-control. Then, before you know it, nothing like being pounded into an acquaintanceship.

The roads in the White Mountains this season, according to the drivers, have improved, have extended the area of friendship immeasurably. In any proper sense of the word there are no roads even in the best season, which will not be found to be very considerably raise hard upon the skill, nerve, and muscle of horse coaches pass over them, or rather through them, which no description can be described or imagined. The road from the Twin Mountain House to Fabyan's, the place this season, would be called as bad as a road could possibly be. It is the Mount Washington Railroad Company's turnpike on which they run their locomotives. They charge fifty cents per horse for passing over this almost cow-path. It is a disgrace to the State that it is open.

If the Legislature empowers them to collect a toll, it ought to compel them to construct a passable road. But to charge fifty cents a head for a road through mountain passes, where swamps dimmed to butter of mud, up and down which the wheels must plunge, and in which the horses must flounder, and still have the impudence to call it a road, is a piece of business which is only nearly allied to highway robbery. Such a road, in Wales, or among the mountains of Switzerland, would always be interpreted, to all pleasure the admissible roads, wide, level and smooth. Roads are everywhere better, by contrast in the region around the White Mountains than here.

Fortunately for the visitors, the Mount Washington Railroad will be at our door next year. The Glen House, Jefferson Hill House, Jefferson, and over to the Alpine and the Crawford House, will be easily accessible. It cannot remain so much longer. This region is beautiful beyond all words. It was among the rides are so inviting were the roads tolerable. But as it is, the roads are the worst part of the trip, and ought to have a distinctly separate and advanced rounds.

The season has been one of very fair days of the summer. For a week the clouds have been thick, but the rain has come pleasantly. The sun this morning pierced the White Mountain fog, and revealed the mountains came forth in all their beauty. The Twin Mountain, with its broad shoulders, and also a new cone-like mountain, the head of the Twin Mountain, or its brood of brothers. The sun was not yet high enough to cast the shadows across the sides of the mountains; and only the moon is coloring, but the east to invest the scene with night beauty, and the morning lighting than that which the air is pure and stimulating. It is food and medicine all in one. The White Mountains is only a while; for those who live in these mountains all the year round, and breathe it as much as they drink or eat their food.

Our stay is almost over. A week more, and we, too, shall be hurry-scurry to our grown familiar. As each group of families depart, their places stimulate living to fill them again next season. When the summer comes the hills will be here, and the valleys will be mousse, and the forest a sleep. Then will be the time for those who love it well may be walking on the hills, and in the valleys, and in the summer land, beyond the reach of night or winter.

Treating—Call Things by their Right Names.

It is not a very effective mode of promoting temperance to call the moderate use of liquor. has adopted in establishing the rule that a horse must bear for two years before it can be officially called a record.)

It is not quite so much abstractly and relatively, whether a horse trots for one year or two. But horse-trots for one year only are not officially recorded. *Joe Elliott* has trotted a mile in 2:19¼, which is considered evidence of the most of this unequalled performance in the presence of good men, who are ready to make affidavits to statements by their affidavits. Yet *Joe Elliott* does not, according to the rule, get a "record." He is called, simply because he did not trot for money.

Stevens, on the other hand, has a record before he was five years old, trotted at Prospect Park, one mile in 2:29. Yet, as mentioned by Orchard in the *Turf, Field and Farm* that he would not get a record for that performance—Commodore Dodge, Mr. Robert Fletcher and Mr. Thomas Hedges—were put in charge of it, and requested to act as timers. They timed him in 2:29¾, and yet, according to the rule, Stevens does not get a "record" of his marvelous performance.

No matter how fast any of Mr. Bonner's horses trot, they never get an official "record." He becomes they never trot for money. What does a horse-trot mean? Is it evidence of the most extensive speed of horses, if it be given for any other consideration than that of money?

Now, we wish to know what is truth and reality in the matter of horse-trotting? Is it not what is termed technically "a record" over a well-attended race-course, or is it not a record over a road of any description? Is it not a record when it is made in connection with betting on the success or unsuccessful of the horse, the driver, the owner, the seed, or the quarter of a second, of either?

All we desire to be to have things called by their right names. Why not substitute *trotted for gambling purposes*, instead of a record,—if that is what the Trotting Congress mean and require? Do not connect meaningly innocent amusement with gambling. Will the President of the Trotting Congress, the Hon. AMASA STRAUTS—a sound and capable man—consider these views? If he will, we have confidence that he will adopt them, for we consider them unanswerable.

If gambling is to be harnessed inseparably to trotting, it will make a steadily deteriorating and despised denize trade.

A PLEA OF ESTOPPEL.

BY JUDGE CLARK.

Holofernes Huff was a dumpy, dumpy little man, on the off side of fifty, a regular self-made man, who knew how to handle the ax-handle, and constantly giving the rack another turn. Indeed, one was almost obliged to do his own tormenting, or go without it, in the cheery village of Honeysuckle, where Holofernes lived.

Whatever put it into his head to make an offer of the hand to the buxom widow Wood, was a puzzling question to the Honeysuckleites. What put it into here to accept the offer, was another. She was a handsome and rich; the widow wasn't.

In matrimony Holofernes found an inexhaustible mine of troubles, and most industriously he worked it. His pet grievance was his wife's want of sympathy. He had married for sympathy, and had not found it. Like a bat, he revelled in gloom; like a butterfly, she delighted in sunshine. Then he dwelt on the frailty of human life in general, and cruelly predicted that hers, in particular, was not long for this world, she only persisted in living. She did on in spite of him, and answered, "Pooh!"

Holofernes Huff soon deserved a lesson, Holofernes thought, and he determined to give it. He went early one stormy morning, telling his wife if he wasn't back at breakfast time not to wait for him, as he should be off on a long journey. At dinner, and again at supper, it was the same. Many wives would have been uneasy and nervous; but Mrs. Huff was of a different temper. Mr. Huff was doubtless dead, and she was a widow indeed, and she held it not to be a woman's place to be too inquisitive about such matters.

But when the lady was informed, in addition to the above, that Mr. Huff had embezzled a bad cent had been discovered on him, and that, moreover, he had run off with another woman, her sympathetic nature was to be mentioned, the writer had concluded to "put on the screws," and she was then acted quite up to the requirements of the occasion. She finished a letter to her husband in terms in moderation, and, by degrees, became remarkably calm and collected. She felt no body not being found, there was not the wear and tear of grief. She felt free as a bird.

Holofernes Huff was a man of many faculties, his entire estate, by the local law, went to his wife. The executor, too, of his letters of administration, sold the personal effects, and sold the real estate, and ran off with the sum left.

Some time after, charming as ever, with a handsome fortune unexpectedly obtained, Mrs. Huff was married to Deacon Higgins, a gentleman of property, and a deacon. Some time a widower, he had found it lonely, and, as before, he fell into a second wife. Between the deacon and the deceased Holofernes not the most amicable relations had ever existed; but the deacon saw no reason for carrying private resentments into the grave, and still less for refusing the ministrations of the dead husband upon the living widow. Mrs. Huff was a member of the church, and the deacon was under obligation. Thereby soon became a pleasure; and, as the deacon was a man of the world, and the possibility of their becoming helps still more near for each other.

The deacon's guide on such occasions was "somewhat sudden." She knew there was a Mr. Huff, and that he had disappeared, but gave a widow's grief a year to run, and half that time to mourn. Then, as the deacon's affairs, the deacon argued, that no public fuss should be made, and that the marriage be made defiant, and that no monument in the shape of announcement in the newspapers should be erected to the memory of the dead. The deacon convinced, and consented to name an early day, and the knot was tied.

It was on the morning of that day that a Mr. Hugh Higgins was seen approaching the outskirts of Honeysuckle, he being no other than the deacon's long-lost brother. It was early morning, as the reader knows, was pretty early in the day, and Honeysuckle was still unaccustomed to chide his wife's want of sympathy.

Mr. Higgins was seen entering, shortening himself in the middle of the way, as he saw a man coming, and hiding himself behind his favorite hackney.

"Is that Hugh Higgins?" By this time he recognized the rider, whom, of all the people in Honeysuckle, he had the greatest dread of. Deacon Higgins, in thunder are pre-eminently the people's friend.

"How are you, old master?" he whinnied in those gentle dulcimer tones.

Hill reined up, and turned white. The name of Hugh Higgins was to him the fatal fact in his mind to be suddenly dismissed from it. He had not seen the deacon since the days of his boyhood, and he had not seen the deacon since the days of his boyhood, and he had not seen the deacon since the days of his boyhood, and he

THE RULE OF LOVE, AND THE RULE OF FEAR.

BY DR. C. D. GARDETTE.

Yea, Parents, train your children
In the way that they should go;
On the tender boughs fair promise
Your wariest ward bestow:

Pluck out the nascent canker;
The rank luxuriance trim;
Protect with deft devices
The fair and shapely limb.

But in all this constant guiding,
With your sterner wisdom blend
The skill of a sweet persuasion,
Lest you break, instead of bend!

There are grave and godly households
Where the tendril plants of bloom
In the hearts of little children
Are nursed in a noisome gloom;

Where the sunshine rarely enters,
Where the laugh is seldom clear,
For the rulers of these households
Still rule by the Rule of Fear!

There are other, brighter households—
Though, alas! they are all too few—
Where the morning sky of childhood
Hath a wide and witching blue;

Where the tears that fall, like dew-drops,
Are gemmed by the light above;
For the rulers of those households
Aye rule by the Rule of Love!

These are the two great problems
Of the tendril trainers here:
Whether to bend by the Love Rule,
Or break by the Rule of Fear.

And woe to them who blindly,
In their own conceit, shall prove
They have never conned the lesson
That the God of Life is Love!

The Plot Against Hawley;

OR, THE

PRISONER OF DESOLATION.

By LEON LEWIS,

AUTHOR OF "THE BOY MAGICIAN," "RED KNIFE," "THE BROKEN HOME," "EDDY'S SEARCH," "THE CLUB-FOOT BEAR," "MARK HEBER'S LUCK," ETC.

[In order that *new* readers of the *Ledger* may be able to go on with this story just the same as though they had read it from the beginning, we will here give a synopsis of that part of it which has been already published. The hero, William Hawley, had been left on the Island of Desolation, by Captain Luke Pedder, of the ship *Flying Childers*, of which vessel Hawley was mate. Pedder's object in doing this was that he might return to New York, report Hawley as dead, and marry Mrs. Hawley, with whom he was madly in love. Hawley had found a harmless insane person, named Jude Breeling, on the island, and was joined also by an old Scotch sea-captain named Dougal, who was brought there by a lot of convicts led by a desperado named Fisty Bantam, that had captured his vessel. Hawley, Breeling and Captain Dougal had seized the boats of the destroyed ship, and fled to a small neighboring island, where they were getting on comfortably, while Fisty Bantam and his fellow-convicts were suffering horribly on the Island of Desolation. Pedder's sister Ruth, (who was in love with Hawley,) and an accomplice named Tom Breeling, assisted him in his plot. Miss Pedder had sailed in the *Flying Childers* on its return voyage to Australia, with the intention of stopping at the Island of Desolation to rescue Hawley if he should be living. She intended to marry him, if possible; and to facilitate her design, she took along a notice of Mrs. Hawley's death, which Captain Pedder had had inserted in a New York paper. But a companion of Ruth, named Miss Dail, had discovered the plot before Miss Pedder sailed, and revealed it to Mrs. Hawley. Mrs. H. had also received a draft for a hundred thousand dollars from a rich old uncle named Thomas Aymar, in Calcutta—who, by the way, had been left alone with a million dollars in gold on the ship *Petrel*, on which he was coming home, and which, being disabled, had been abandoned by the captain and crew—so that she was able to make immediate arrangements to sail for the Island of Desolation in search of her husband, leaving her landlady, Mrs. Piper, to deal with Pedder, in case he should call to see her. How it fared with Pedder is shown in the following chapter.]

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE BURSTING OF PEDDER'S BUBBLES.

Capt. Pedder sat alone in his back parlor, at his little desk, in a state of anxious excitement. He was not more than half dressed. His hair was still uncombed. His shirt sleeves were rolled up to the elbows. The hour was still early—not later than six o'clock in the morning.

Not only was Pedder very busy, but his work was of the most absorbing and difficult description. He was engaged in composing the letter to Mrs. Hawley of which he had spoken to Tom Breeling upon the occasion of his last interview with that worthy.

The paper lying before the rapt and worried composer was the nicest that money could procure, and was ornamented with a flaming initial. A huge seal lay at hand, as did a stick of sealing-wax, ready to affix its impression upon the back of the envelope, so soon as the precious missive in process of manufacture should have been inclosed within. Usually Pedder was not the man for these little superfluities, but he was now in a mood that disposed him to be critical and painstaking. It was his intention to omit nothing that could in any way command respect for his labors, or tend to their success.

For this weighty epistle, it must be remembered, was the one in which he was about to ask Mrs. William Hawley, as pressingly as affectionately, for "the ineffable bliss of being received at a suitable time as a suitor for her hand."

An hour passed, and then another, in this trying "labor of love," and then Pedder, with a long sigh of relief, leaned back in his chair, regarding his production with a fixed and admiring gaze.

"Ruth told me I must be patient," he mused, as he ran his pen-holder into the thicket of hair above his right ear, half shut his left eye, and corrugated his features generally, "but I can stand this sort of thing no longer. It has been more than two weeks since I saw Mrs. Hawley. Every time I call she is 'out in Washington Park for a walk,' or she 'has a headache,' or she 'begs to be excused on account of her company.' Now this state of things does not look very promising, and for that very reason I am going to put an end to it. I can't be patient, and I won't."

He read his letter again carefully, for the seventh or eighth time, and weighed every word of it in his mental balance, with his body rocking awkwardly upon the forward legs of his chair.

"After all, that's well done," he assured himself, with a flush of contentment. "It's sure to fetch her! That opening allusion to our old acquaintance—before she saw Hawley—is capital. This sympathizing allusion to her great loss is not out of place. It almost makes me snivel to read it myself—it does indeed. These wild protestations of affection are sure to affect her, for all women live to be worshipped. Yes, yes, Pedder, my old boy, you can call yourself a success in the literary line. Ten to one that you are more than a success—a successor!"

Chuckling to himself, he sealed and addressed the elaborate epistle, and then tore up the half dozen sheets of paper he had wasted in the course of his two hours of mental convulsions.

As he finished, the little clock upon the shelf above him struck eight.

"Ha! so late!" he ejaculated, arising. "Hum! if Creb were only here now—"

He was interrupted by a ring at the front door.

"There he is now," added Pedder, with a sigh of relief. "I told him to come toward eight o'clock."

He hastened to the door and opened it. A youth of some fifteen years, who was singularly freckled, and who wore a roundabout coat of blue broadcloth, with bright buttons, was standing upon the steps, cap in hand.

"Ah, here you are!" beamed Pedder. "Come in."

Creb entered. He was Pedder's cabin-boy, and had made several voyages to Australia, as well as to other distant parts of the world, having followed the sea from childhood.

"What I want of you so particularly this morning," said Pedder, as he closed the door and faced about in the hall, "is to take this letter to its address."

He produced his letter and gave it into Creb's hand, adding:

"Do you know where Fourth street is—west of Broadway, and a couple of blocks above Bleecker?"

"Yes, sir."

"You may be off at once, then, as early as it is," said Pedder, with his hand still upon the door knob. "If you see Mrs. Hawley herself, and place the letter in her hands without its being seen by either Mrs. Piper, who keeps the house, or the girl who comes to the door, I will give you a ten-dollar gold piece for your cleverness."

"All right, sir. I'll give the letter to Mrs. Hawley herself, certain."

A few politic suggestions for Creb's guidance were made by Pedder, who added:

"I will wait here for you to report. Come back as soon as you can."

And with this Creb sped away upon his mission.

"The die is cast," muttered Pedder. "The least Mrs. Hawley can do is to send me an answer, and any answer will be preferable to this suspense."

He proceeded to make his toilet with great care, with a vague hope that Mrs. Hawley might send him an invitation to call in person to receive her answer to his letter.

He had scarcely made himself presentable, when there came such a violent pull at the door bell that Pedder started and turned pale.

"Must be Hawley himself," was his first thought, "or some officer to arrest me."

He stood motionless at the entrance of the back parlor, in a state of apprehension and hesitation.

The ring was repeated, and, as it seemed to Pedder's guilty soul, with redoubled violence.

Pedder still stood as if transfixed.

"It's *me*, sir," piped the shrill voice of Creb through the key-hole.

CAPTAIN PEDDER LEAVING NEW YORK IN HIS YACHT FOR DESOLATION.

The door was opened at once, and the boy entered.

He was flushed and worried—a picture of surprise and disappointment.

"That ten is busted, sir!" he announced, as he closed the door and placed his back against it.

"And how 'busted,' if you please?" asked Pedder, striving to be calm, as he wiped a clammy moisture from his forehead.

"I didn't see Mrs. Hawley, sir—"

"Not see her? Who did you see?"

"First of all, sir, the girl who waits upon the door—"

"I know her. She was Jenny. She was more than cool to sundry compliments I paid her. I mistrust her. Go on."

"Well, I mistrusted her too, the minute I saw how she looked at me," said Creb, "and so I asked for Mrs. Piper. The girl seemed to change her airs, on hearing that I wanted to see Mrs. Piper, and became polite enough, asking me to be seated in the parlor, and telling me that Mrs. Piper would be down in a moment."

"You saw Mrs. Piper, then?"

"Yes, sir. And as I was bound to earn that ten, if I could, I asked for Mrs. Hawley. 'Mrs. Hawley is not here,' says she. 'Not here?' say I. 'She's out of town,' says Mrs. Piper, 'and she won't be back this summer.' 'Not back this summer?' says I, all in a sweat. 'Sorry, ma'am. I have a letter of great importance for her.' 'A letter?' says Mrs. Piper. 'Oh, I can take charge of that,' and she quietly took it out of my hand, before I could stir a step or object, and immediately tore it open—"

"Tore it open?" repeated Pedder, recoiling, with looks of angry horror.

"Tore it open, sir, and read it on the spot, from beginning to end—"

"She—that woman—Mrs. Piper—broke open and read my letter before your face and eyes, Creb?" gasped Pedder.

"She did, sir; and she laughed and laughed, as if some old grandfather had died and left her a fortune. She even showed it to that girl Jenny, who had poked her head into the door, and then both Mrs. Piper and the girl laughed again, louder than ever."

At this report, Pedder became so red in the face that a fit of apoplexy seemed imminent.

"The beast!" he cried, tearing his hair with his hands. "What villainy, to open and read a letter of affection addressed to another! I will see to this immediately. I'll have Mrs. Piper arrested. But what excuse did she make for her conduct?"

"She merely told me to tell you that you had better call in person, if you should deem it of any consequence to know where Mrs. Hawley has gone for the summer. And with that, as nothing more seemed to be promised me, I was obliged to take myself off."

Pedder calmed himself as well as he could, and reflected a few moments, with all the intentness of a raging passion.

"I will go and see Mrs. Piper," he said, "while you go and find Breeling and bring him here—Mr. Breeling, you know, who made that last voyage with us to Australia. I will give you his address, and you are not to lose a moment in finding him, and in telling him that I must see him here at the house immediately."

The youth dismissed upon this errand, Pedder gave a few touches to his toilet, put a revolver in his pocket—for he began to feel unsafe—and proceeded at a smart pace to Mrs. Piper's.

The girl Jenny admitted him, and Mrs. Piper received him as if nothing had happened.

"I just sent a letter here for Mrs. Hawley," said Pedder, as soon as he was seated—"a letter you opened and read, according to my messenger's report."

"Quite correct, sir. I received and opened the said letter by virtue of written authority and instructions given to me by Mrs. Hawley previous to her departure. Here is the authority in question."

She placed a slip of paper under Pedder's eyes.

"My action in the matter has been quite proper, I hope," added Mrs. Piper. "At any rate, it has been in exact obedience to Mrs. Hawley's orders."

It was no easy task for Pedder to swallow the rage with which he had entered the house, but he worried through the task, with more or less success, during the several moments of the awkward pause that followed.

"Well, yes—certainly," he at length stammered, concluding to make the best of his situation. "And so Mrs. Hawley is out of town?"

"Yes, sir."

"For a period of some months?"

"For several months, sir—for a year, in all probability."

"Indeed! Why, where can she have gone so suddenly, and for such a long absence?" demanded the amazed Pedder.

"She has gone to the island of Desolation."

Pedder started to his feet, with a pallor like that of death, and tried to give utterance to the emotions flooding his soul, but his voice died away in an incoherent murmur.

"Should you be curious about the business of Mrs. Hawley at Desolation," continued Mrs. Piper, "I am instructed by the lady herself to enlighten you."

"You—you are not joking, then?" Pedder managed to articulate. "Mrs. Hawley—is really out of town."

"She sailed a week ago in the *Ocean Monarch* for Melbourne. But she has made an arrangement with the owners for the ship to call at the island of Desolation, where she hopes to find her husband still living. She has learned that Mr. Hawley did not fall from Table Rock, as was supposed by Mr. Moody and the rest, but that he was assaulted by Tom Breeling, the same man who started the water casks of the *Childers*, the same man who came here to board, styling himself 'Deacon Abraham Sanborn,' and who stole the checks—"

Pedder uttered an inarticulate and involuntary howl of consternation.

"And all this is enough to tell you, Captain Pedder," proceeded Mrs. Piper, as calmly as before, "that the wicked scheme you and your sister have been pursuing ever since the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Hawley has now come to the light in all its deformity. Mrs. Hawley has learned, as I was saying, that her husband is not dead, but that you abandoned him alive upon that dreadful island. She has learned of your sister's departure for Desolation in the *Childers*, in the character of an insane woman, with a view to imposing herself upon Mr. Hawley as a wife, in place of the wife whose death you have falsely reported in the papers. She has learned that you obtained a letter at the general post-office, by means of a forged order, and you are to be arrested for that crime, as the clerk who gave you Mr. Aymar's letter recognized you perfectly, he being Mr. Wilber, whose father not long since made a voyage with you in the *Childers* to Australia. In short, every step you have taken in all the course of this infamous business has come to Mrs. Hawley's knowledge."

Pedder had thrown up his hands spasmodically, as if to ward off a shower of deadly missiles, but they now dropped inertly to his sides, and his whole attitude became one of horrified assent.

The torrent of revelations from Mrs. Piper's lips had broken down all the feeble barriers of denial he would have raised—had completely overwhelmed him.

He looked as hideous as a wolf caught in a trap, and writhing in the agony of a broken limb.

"Who told Mrs. Hawley these things?" he demanded, after a minute or two of shuddering silence.

"Miss Dail told her."

"Miss Dail!" and Pedder recoiled a couple of steps. "And who told Miss Dail?"

"She has overheard the confidences you and your sister have exchanged with each other!"

"Ah! the infamous eavesdropper!" gasped Pedder, appalled at the abyss thus opened to him. "She—"

"She has overheard everything—without the necessity of listening—through the register hole in the floor of her room," explained Mrs. Piper. "You may have forgotten that opening—you may have known nothing about it—but it is there; and as it was covered only with a loose board and a carpet, why, Miss Dail has overheard nearly all the conversations you have had with Miss Pedder since your return from Australia!"

We cannot record the horrible volley of oaths with which Pedder received this intelligence.

"And to make your unmasking still more complete," added the good landlady, "Miss Dail and Mrs. Hawley were both present in your house, in the room over the back parlor, on the occasion of your last interview with Tom Breeling!"

"Impossible!"

"I am telling you the exact truth. Mrs. Hawley overheard every word you said to Breeling on that occasion. You will remember what you talked about—robbing Mrs. Hawley, burning her out, getting her arrested, hunting her to her grave, and so forth! You gave Breeling three hundred dollars at the close of the interview. And after his departure, you even heard the two ladies in the hall, and came out, poker in hand, to look for rats—"

"And so I did, and found the street door open. I see it all! Miss Dail let herself into the house with her pass-key."

"She did, sir."

Pedder shivered as with a mortal ague, and turned toward the door.

"I should be a fool to deny these facts," he said. "I will merely offer in excuse of my conduct my infatuation for Mrs. Hawley. I have the honor, Mrs. Piper, of bidding you a final good-morning!"

"One moment, sir, if you please," said Mrs. Piper, arising. "I will avail myself of your presence here to hand back to you the two thousand dollars you gave to Mrs. Hawley as the pretended proceeds of a venture you professed to have shared with Mr. Hawley. I refer to your speculation in boots for the Australian diggings—ten cases, at fifty dollars per case, and so forth! Here is the money."

Pedder took it without a word.

"I return it to you," added Mrs. Piper, "in accordance with Mrs. Hawley's instructions, and here also are the five hundred dollars you obtained from Minnell & Co. by working upon their sympathies."

"But Minnell & Co. owed Hawley—"

"True; but it is not for you to settle his claims. He will settle them himself in person, when you have entered a dungeon or fled to some far corner of the earth—when he is owner and commander of the *Flying Childers!*"

"Owner? Ha! you forget, woman, that it takes money to buy an Australian clipper—"

"True; but Mrs. Hawley has the money. Her uncle, Mr. Aymar, is returning with a million, as you well know by the letter you intercepted. But what you have not known until this moment is, that Mrs. Hawley has already received one hundred thousand dollars from her uncle. She told me to tell you this, and to tell you if you ever cross her path again, in any way or manner, she will subject you to the most rigorous punishment the law will afford her. She told me to tell you all, because she wants the satisfaction of knowing that *you know* how miserably you have failed. She wants you to know that she scorns and defies you even more than she hates you. And now you can go, sir!"

Pedder pocketed the five hundred dollars tendered him, and stalked silently from the dwelling.

CHAPTER XXX.

STILL ANOTHER DEPARTURE.

It seemed to the detected and baffled plotter, as he descended the steps of Mrs. Piper's house, that the bottomless pit had yawned beneath him.

Had it come to this?

Was this to be the end of the grand plot to which his every thought and action during the past year had been devoted?

Alas! and alas!

How everything had conspired against him! He felt it now—realized it all—saw at one dread glance how slippery his footing had been from the very first step he had taken in this gigantic wickedness.

He could see now that his little scheme of making himself useful to Mrs. Hawley, and so winning her love through her respect and gratitude, had all along been the most miserable of absurdities and delusions.

He could see now that he had never had the ghost of a chance of succeeding in the infamous conspiracy into which he had entered.

It was more like a madman than like a sane man that he tore along the streets, on his return to his house. His face was livid, his glances restless and glaring, his manner desperate. The very pose of his hat, no less than his loosened neck-tie, betrayed the chaos into which his soul had tumbled.

Arriving near his house, his searching glances detected the presence of two figures under the overhanging porch of his front door.

"The officers!" was his mental ejaculation, as he recalled what Mrs. Piper had said to him about his contemplated arrest.

His hand flew to his revolver, with the ready instinct of violence that accompanies desperation.

"It's me, sir," called Creb, in the same voice with which he had made the same announcement through the key-hole an hour previous.

"Oh, ah!—yes," and Pedder advanced.

"And I am with him," said the hoarse voice of Tom Breeling. "He says you wish to see me."

"All right, Tom. You can go home now, Creb. Come around to Mr. Breeling's place at eight o'clock in the morning. I may or may not have something for you to do, but your pay, you know, is going on as usual."

"All right, sir. I will be at Mr. Breeling's at eight o'clock."

And with this the youth hurried away, while Pedder admitted himself and his minion with a pass-key into the silent and deserted dwelling, closing and locking the door behind him.

Taking his way into the little back parlor, Pedder opened the blinds, and sank heavily into a chair, motioning Tom to be seated.

"Why, good heavens, Pedder!" cried Breeling, starting and recoiling, as soon as his eyes rested particularly upon the convulsed features of his employer. "What ails you? What on earth has happened?"

"Our little game's up, Tom!" returned Pedder, in a sharp, hissing whisper.

"And how up, if you please?" demanded Breeling, sinking into the chair proffered him.

"Mrs. Hawley knows all. She has discovered everything!"

"Dis-cov— Impossible!"

"She knows that her husband is living—that you knocked him on the head—that we abandoned him alive at Desolation—that my sister has gone out there to court him—that you stove the water casks—that you stole the checks—that both of us— In short, she knows the whole plot, and every step that has been taken toward carrying it out!"

"But I tell you that there is some mistake, Pedder! It is simply impossible—"

"And I swear to you that I am telling you the exact facts," interrupted Pedder, with a cry resembling a groan. "Mrs. Hawley has learned everything—*everything!* Come here!"

He seized Breeling by the arm, and led the way up stairs to the room over the back parlor, where he threw open the blinds. Then he literally tore the carpet from the register hole in the floor, removed the loose board, and glared through the aperture into the room below.

"You see that hole?" he gasped hoarsely.

Tom nodded assent.

"And do you remember the last conversation we had with each other—a few nights ago—in the room under us?"

Tom again nodded.

"Well, every word of that conversation was overheard by Mrs. Hawley. She was on her hands and knees here, and looking down through this hole directly upon us."

The start Breeling gave at this intelligence attested that he was beginning to comprehend the awful nature of the calamity which had overtaken his employer.

"Are you certain of all this?" he asked.

"As certain as I am of my existence!"

"But how did Mrs. Hawley enter the house so secretly? And why?"

"You have heard me speak of that Dail woman?"

"Dail?" and Tom reflected.

"The woman my sister took in as a 'companion' about the time I sailed for Australia."

"Oh, yes—yes!"

"Well, Miss Dail has occupied this room all the time she has been in the house—"

"And she has overheard everything through this hole in the floor?"

"Everything!"

"The deuce! This *is* a go!"

"And she has run to Mrs. Hawley with the whole story," raged Pedder, as he ground his heel into the bare floor he had uncovered. "I have talked a great deal and often with my sister, you see, and the whole plot has thus come out, point by point, until this infernal eavesdropper was just as well posted about the whole thing as either my sister or myself!"

Tom Breeling arose to his feet, in the wild excitement that shook him, staggering backward several paces. In all the annals of villainy, he had never known a misfortune so fatal and sweeping as this.

"And Mrs. Hawley?" he gasped, by way of a suggestion. "How does Mrs. Hawley take the discovery?"

"She sailed for Desolation a week ago in the *Ocean Monarch*, with a ship load of friends and helpers."

Tom staggered back to his chair, into which he dropped as heavily as if his senses had left him.

"Sailed—already?" he gasped.

"More than a week ago, and she's already half way to the equator, as she's been having a splendid spell of weather. And as the *Ocean Monarch* is about as fast as the *Childers*, why, it's quite possible that Mrs. Hawley will arrive at Desolation in advance of my sister, and so knock my sister's share in the plot all to flinders."

Tom expressed a realizing sense of this probability.

"But how does it happen that Mrs. Hawley has suddenly found so many friends and helpers?" he then demanded. "She was poor and helpless enough. I wonder that the owners of the *Monarch* have consented to let her call at Desolation—"

"I'll tell you how that is. An old uncle from India has turned up, or is about turning up, with a fortune of a million, and the old dotard, curse him, has already sent to Mrs. Hawley a hundred thousand dollars. You can imagine how the possession of this sum has smoothed her ladyship's path, and opened all sorts of doors to her."

"I see," said Tom. "We are decidedly dished."

"And there is a still darker side to the affair," said Pedder. "I'm likely to be arrested at any moment on a charge of forgery."

Tom could hardly believe the evidence of his senses.

"The fact is, I obtained a letter from the general post-office upon a forged order from Mrs. Hawley, and the confounded clerk knew me. It has all come out, too, about our united agency in the affair of those stolen checks."

"Then I think it's getting dangerous for us to remain ashore," said Breeling. "We'd better push out to sea; and while we are about it, we'll push in the same direction your sister and Mrs. Hawley have taken."

"I only wish we could. But there is no ship of any kind up for Australia just now, and will not be for three or four months to come."

"Well, there is something better than a clipper at your disposal," proposed Breeling—"a private yacht of about two hundred tons, and as fast as a bird. I saw her advertised for sale in yesterday's paper, and I have been to take a look at her. She's as fine a beauty as ever sat upon salt water. She cost forty-seven thousand dollars, and is offered for sale at fifteen. What's more to the point, her stores are already aboard, and she's ready to go to sea at a second's notice."

"Ah!" and Pedder drew a heavy sigh of relief. "Where is the beauty?"

"She's off the Battery. Her owner was all ready to sail on a long cruise in her, but he has been taken ill, and has concluded to give up the intended voyage. You must know of the yacht. She's the *Enchantress*."

"The *Enchantress?* Then I do know something of her," declared Pedder, with increasing interest. "I know the man that built her, and also her first owner. She *is* a beauty, as you say, and as fast a craft as ever left the port."

"Then what's to prevent you from setting everything to rights? You have the cash to buy her?"

"Certainly. I have more than her price in bank, to say nothing of the seven thousand dollars I received day before yesterday, as a cash payment toward the price of this house."

"You've sold out then?"

"Yes. It was arranged before my sister's departure that I should sell, if I saw fit to do so, and I've had an impression for some time that I had better be ready for a sudden departure."

"All right then. Buy the *Enchantress*, and we'll get off to-day. The yacht is so fast that we may reach Desolation in advance of both your sister and Mrs. Hawley. At any rate, sailed as you and I can sail her, she won't be much behind the clippers, you may be certain. The game is still in your own hands, if you only think so—"

Pedder started to his feet, with a revulsion of feelings that turned his face scarlet.

"You are right, Tom," he said. "The idea of this yacht is a crusher! Can you fit her out with a crew this forenoon?"

"I can, and I will, if you say so!"

"Well, I do say so, and I will buy that yacht before I eat my breakfast! Where is the agent?"

"I have the address in my pocket-book—"

"Then let's be off at once."

Pedder led the way from the house with feverish impatience, and in half an hour thereafter was at the office of the agent in whose hands the sale of the yacht had been left.

"Ah, good-morning! glad to see you again," was the agent's greeting, as soon as his eyes rested upon Breeling. "You have come in reference to the yacht, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir. This gentleman is my principal—Captain Pedder, of the *Flying Childers*."

The agent expressed his pleasure at making Pedder's acquaintance, and invited his visitors to be seated.

"A friend wants me to buy the yacht for him," said Pedder, "but he thinks the price excessive. He offers twelve thousand dollars—cash, of course!"

"Couldn't think of it. But I'm tired of talking on the subject—I talked all day yes-

terday to no purpose—and so I'll tell you at once that I am instructed to sell for thirteen thousand dollars, at the lowest figure, provided the purchaser will take the stores at their cost."

"What are these stores?"

"Here are the bills, sir. Please look them over for yourself. They foot up to two thousand three hundred."

Pedder ran his eyes rapidly over the bills, inviting Breeling to do likewise.

"Just what we want," said Tom.

"And enough for a voyage around the world?"

"Quite right, sir," said the agent. "The owner was meditating a cruise as far as Brazil."

"But about the furniture aboard the yacht?" asked Pedder.

"It's sufficient for every need, and I am instructed to lump it off at five hundred dollars, with the guarantee that it's worth three times that sum. There is an immense quantity of linen, and crockery, and plate—"

"Enough, as I am in something of a hurry. It is not necessary for me to see the yacht, as I know just what she is, and I will take her at these figures. While you are drawing up the papers, I will step down to my bank for the money."

It was not without some trepidation that Pedder entered the bank, but Mr. Imlay, the cashier, received him as pleasantly as usual. Pedder declared, in as few words as possible, that he wanted every dollar of his money, as he was about taking a large interest in a shipping house, which was sure to insure him a fortune, and he at once received his money and Mr. Imlay's congratulations.

Hurrying back to the agent's office, Pedder paid for the yacht and her stores, taking a receipt in due form.

"If you choose, Captain Pedder," said the agent, "I will go aboard with you now, and put you in possession myself, instead of sending down a note to the man in charge of her."

"A note will do as well, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes."

"Then I will take the note, and so refrain from troubling you, as I wish to make a couple of calls in Wall street."

The agent accordingly wrote the note, and Pedder and Breeling took their departure.

Once out of sight and hearing of the agent, Pedder turned to his minion, coming to an abrupt halt.

"That was well and quickly done, Tom," he declared. "And now for the crew. We shall need ten or twelve men. If any choice should offer, I want you to pick out the toughest subjects you can find—fellows who will have no scruples of conscience at anything, so long as they're paid. I'd sooner have cut-throats and pirates than anything else."

"I comprehend," said Breeling, "and will suit you to a dot. In two hours I will arrive with the very men you want."

"All right. Be off. I'll just take a turn around to the house, and put my furniture in charge of an agent, and then row off to the yacht. You'll find me aboard of her when you come off with the crew. Be sure to have the matter understood with your wife, for we shall sail for Desolation within ten minutes after I again see you."

Everything was carried out by the couple in accordance with these intentions.

And it was not yet noon when the yacht, with a crew of twelve as motley ruffians as were ever collected, and with Pedder upon her deck as commander, and with Breeling as first officer, was standing out of the lower bay, at a tremendous rate of speed, with a fine breeze upon her larboard quarter.

"This is glorious!" murmured Pedder, with dancing eyes, as he looked up at the canvas above him and then down at the surface of the water.

"Glorious!" echoed Breeling, and then silence fell between them.

They were steering the same course Mrs. Hawley had so lately taken—the same course previously taken by Miss Pedder. And the wicked thoughts of Pedder had already crossed the intervening seas, to the far-off island of Desolation, and were full of the wicked triumphs he had already promised himself in that quarter!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ADA'S LOVE STORY.

BY SADIE KING.

The first of August found Mrs. Conway and Ada comfortably established at the seashore. Ada had rebelled against going. She had been out two seasons, and imagined herself world-worn and weary, and wanted to hunt up a quiet, retired farm-house, where she might be relieved of the tedium of dress and visitors; but Mrs. Conway argued differently, and it ended by their coming down to N—— just in the height of the season.

Ada determined to be very quiet; driving and bathing should form the limits of her dissipation; but her room fronted the beach, and while lounging on her sofa, resting after the journey down, she heard some gentlemen passing mention Guy Wentworth as one of the guests at their hotel. She had heard of him often; his mother and Mrs. Conway had been schoolmates, and he and Julius, Ada's brother, had been fellow-travellers for months. Even now she had letters, tucked away in some of her many boxes, filled with his daring exploits. He had returned to B—— the winter previous, while she was in New York. The girls were wild over him—his brilliancy and fascination, distingué appearance and haughty coldness. He went everywhere, but Parisian toilets, smiles and graces, all were donned in vain; he resisted every charm. Vague visions of moonlight sails and drives, and all the many delights of a summer's flirtation, flitted through her dreams, and she sprang up with the determination to conquer the unconquerable. An hour after, she glided into the ball-room the very embodiment of purity and simplicity, her long white dress floating in fleecy clouds around her, filmy old lace covering neck and arms, and a spray of white jasmin in her hair. She was soon surrounded by a crowd of admirers, with whom she laughed and chatted in a nice, lazy sort of way; but she was careful and guarded, for, glancing through her long dark lashes, she saw Guy standing near, looking critically at her.

She had the reputation of being a flirt, and it was well merited. The girl could not help it. She constantly gave herself little lectures, and every fresh conquest plunged her into paroxysms of grief. She would be grave and demure for a while, but natural instinct was too strong. She had the rare ability of making friends of her rejected suitors, so not as many hard things were said of her as of others who deserved them less. She was grieving now over an affair that came near a tragic ending, and her mother devoutly hoped the memory was fresh enough to keep her from another scrape for months to come; but who could blame her for trying to put life in yonder statue? He remained near her without attempting to obtain an introduction, or introducing himself, as he might have done on his long standing friendship with her brother. She became nervous under his close scrutiny at length, and begged her old friend Will. Hall to take her for a promenade. In passing Guy, she contrived to drop her fan at his feet. As he picked it up and handed it to her, she just lifted her eyes with a little frightened glance, then drooped her lids, while the rich red flushed her cheeks as she thanked him. It was the perfection of acting. Guy remembered the sweet timidity of those thrilling eyes long after. He soon found an opportunity of becoming acquainted with Mrs. Conway, and the next day sought Ida everywhere, but she was satisfied for the present, and contrived to avoid meeting him all that week, just giving him tantalizing glimpses of herself in her exquisitely fresh and tasteful toilets, or letting him barely catch the echo of her rippling laugh, until, one morning, they were all starting off for a picnic to a point of interest some miles distant, and at the last moment discovered the accommodations to be insufficient.

Guy turned his horse over to some new-comer, and was making a laughing excuse to Mrs. Stuart, the getter-up of the affair, when Mrs. Conway, learning the dilemma, offered him a seat in her carriage. Ada pouted a little at this addition to their party, but gave him a pleasant greeting. She and Will. occupied the front seat together, and she was as gay and charming as though unconscious of the scrutiny of her neighbor opposite, though we question if she lost a single shade of his expression. Guy was "agreeable and charming," Mrs. Conway said, "just like his dear mother," of whom she was so fond. On reaching their destination she desired Will. to lead her to Mrs. Stuart, and then take Ada to join her friends, who were already preparing for a stroll; but Guy offered his escort, saying:

"If you will trust Miss Conway to my care, I will pilot her to our friends, or will show her the beauties of the place myself."

As Mrs. Conway bowed permission and walked off with Will., he turned to Ada, asking:

"Which shall it be?"

She answered:

"I have never been here before, and would like to explore, but—" with an odd little laugh, and after a moment's hesitation, "I don't like being thrust on you so unceremoniously."

He looked at her silently for a wee second, then, putting her arm in his, said:

"You can't well help yourself, so make the best of it."

Instead of exploring, he led her through the cool forest to a secluded little glen, and seating her on a moss-covered rock, threw himself on the grass at her feet, asking:

"How will you be entertained? I have a nice little volume here. Shall we read or talk?"

She replied:

"I am almost too lazy for either, but as we must do something, and listening requires less exertion than answering, I will listen while you read."

He took the volume from his pocket, and commenced Owen Meredith's "Lucille," a book all women love.

Ada sat, with folded hands and drooping eyelids, listening in the absolute quietude of absorbed interest, when Will. came upon them, calling:

"Ada, our game of croquet is about to begin; come, we will play against your old antagonists, Louise Hyde and Joe Wilson. After our hard practice we are sure to win."

Guy rose, a trifle haughtily, and putting the book in his pocket, turned to leave, but resumed his seat on hearing Ada's:

"Ah, Will., I am *so* interested in this little poem, may I not give up my game, and listen as long as Mr. Wentworth is good enough to read?"

Will. understood her perfectly. She was his friend and confidant—was good to him in his troubles with this same Louise Hyde, to whom he was secretly engaged, and he was her ready aid in all her little plots.

Giving her a little quizzical glance, he answered:

"Certainly you may give up the game. Miss Weston is dying to pitch her skill against Louise, and will take your place."

Guy read no more, but exerting all his conversational talent, which was not small, kept her interested and amused until summoned to luncheon. She had unconsciously shown him so much of her own true, sweet self in their morning's talk, that he experienced rather a shock, despite his knowledge of women and their ways, at seeing her turn so readily to other men, listening with such evident pleasure to their silly twattle, and as soon as possible took her from the crowd. When the party was getting ready to return, he proposed to Will. to take the Conways back to the hotel by the river, leaving the carriage to the care of the servants, but Mrs. Conway declined, at the same time giving gracious permission to Ada to accept the invitation. Will. took Louise, and the four came down together in the little boat, singing gayly. As they parted at the hotel, Ada held out her hand to Guy, saying:

"Please let me have that precious little volume until I can finish reading it."

Holding her fingers imprisoned in his, he answered:

"It is written in strange hieroglyphics, which none but I can read; so if you want to learn the finale of the story, go with me to-morrow, and you shall hear it."

Guy, as he smoked his cigar that night, found it necessary to repeat over and over to himself that he was not falling in love. Oh, no; he was done with that sort of thing, and glided off into his usual evening's reverie; but somehow it was not so gloomy as ordinarily, and Ada's sweet face would rise, overshadowing the calm, clear-cut features and pale golden hair which for so many years had haunted all his dreams.

Ada, meanwhile, was sitting in her room, brushing out her long hair, and wondering if at last Guy was becoming interested in a woman. Once or twice she had noted a quick gleam in his eye, that caused her heart a little throb of exultation at the conquest she saw. Suddenly she recollected having heard something once of his having loved during his days of poverty. The lady jilted him for a richer love, wedding a man double her age. She would write to-morrow to Julius, and ask about it.

The morning brought new pleasures, and she forgot it, or had no time, nor had she for many days to come; they were all spent in such delicious dreaming. Guy had his reveries too, but instead of being gray and misty, they wore love's own clear roseate hue, and at length he acknowledged to his heart that Ada was its idol. He would speak to her soon, and see if she would give her sweet self to his keeping; as yet he dared not disturb the blissful content the passing hours seemed to bring them both. She was destined, however, to decide his fate much sooner than he had intended, for ere this sweet dreaming had lasted many weeks, their party was joined by a friend of the Stuarts, Mrs. Wyman, a young widow. Ada had met her once or twice in New York, but knew her rather better by reputation. People called her coquette, heartless, and the thousand other epithets which will attach to successful beauties. She arrived without previous announcement, and just after the Stuarts and Conways, with their party, had settled themselves in the parlor. Ada and Guy conversing apart, as had grown to be the custom, she came in, dressed bewitchingly; and after a few moments spent in greeting Mrs. Stuart, and receiving introductions, she walked directly up to our lovers, and bowing cordially to Ada, said:

"You will excuse this interruption, Miss Conway, when you learn that Mr. Wentworth and I are friends of long standing, whom accident has kept apart for years." Extending her hand, she continued, "Guy, are you not glad to meet me?"

There's no describing the tone in which this commonplace was uttered—the touching pathos, the tender, lingering regret. Ada felt a strange dying out of life and hope, as she listened; why, she could not tell.

Guy bowed low over the extended hand, while he answered:

"Mrs. Wyman's friends always part from her with regret. Why should they not meet her with gladness?"

None of the old tenderness, nothing but haughty, high-bred indifference. An angry gleam shot from the cold blue eyes, but, with smiling, easy grace she entered into conversation, and continued talking until somebody led her away to the music room.

Ada was rather distraught after this. She imagined there was a look of pain in Guy's eyes since speaking to Mrs. Wyman, and her mind would wander off in wild conjectures. Finding her in a mood for silence, Guy proposed a walk to the beach. While standing in the shadow, waiting for him to bring her shawl, she heard some one say to Will.:

"Your friend Miss Conway will need to use all her cleverness, if she means to win Wentworth, now his old love has made her appearance."

Pleading fatigue, she soon returned to the house, and going to Mrs. Conway, asked abruptly:

"Mamma, who is Mrs. Wyman?"

Mrs. Conway had seen Ada's dawning love for Guy. He was just the man she would have chosen for her wayward little girl, but like a wise woman she said nothing. Now, in as few words as possible, she told her:

"Mrs. Wyman was Adelaide Howard of Boston. When only seventeen, she became engaged to Guy Wentworth, who was then poor. His friends obtained a fine position for him in a mercantile house somewhere in Germany, and Adelaide promised to wait until he could make a home for her. He had been gone little more than a year when he learned, indirectly, of her marriage to Mr. Wyman, a man old enough to be her grandfather, but a millionaire. She had corresponded with him up to the week of her wedding, so he was quite unprepared for the desertion. Julius was with him at the time, and described his grief as fierce and bitter. Soon after his aunt died, leaving him her fortune, and he remained in Europe until last winter. As Mrs. Wyman has lived in New York constantly since her marriage, they never met. This summer, learning of his presence at Saratoga, she went there, but he had left, and she has followed him here."

Ada was brave, and full of spirit. She saw the danger which threatened her peace, but there was no trace of excitement, or of last night's sleeplessness, when she joined the riding party the next morning. As they were starting, Mrs. Wyman noticed Guy reining his horse alongside of Ada's, and as that was not to be, she clapped her hands, crying:

"A race! a race! The last one in to give a champagne supper."

There was a unanimous "Agreed!" and the horses started. The tête-à-tête for that morning was prevented. On their return, Guy was asking Ada to drive with him, when Mrs. Wyman, who seemed Argus-eyed, so little were these two able to avoid her scrutiny, divining his purpose, came up, saying:

"I lost the race, and will give my 'supper' on board the yacht. We sail at six. Mind, no vacant seats."

Kissing her hand gayly to the group, she tripped lightly across the hall. There was some such interruption continuously; private conversations were things impossible. Mrs. Wyman seemed to have put everything in a whirl. Morning, noon and night were filled with some new gayety, all to culminate in a grand fancy ball.

The evening before the ball, Ada wore her cluster of white blossoms as usual, only this time they were myrtle, instead of her favorite jasmin. Guy, the few moments they were alone, bent over her, and with a world of expression in eye and lip, asked:

"May I have the flowers you wear to-night?"

She hesitated a moment, then laid them in his hand. His fingers closed over hers for one brief second, then he drew her close to him and kissed her lips. There was no time for words of love, or exchange of vows, for voices sounded near, and Ada escaped and sped across the long hall to her room.

The next morning a group of merry girls were standing around her, discussing their dresses for the evening, when Guy chanced to pass. Minnie Stuart pointed to him, saying:

"Well, Ada, Guy has made it up with Mrs. Wyman. She showed me an emerald he gave her last night, and a beauty it is too."

Another of the group said:

"You missed the best play of the season by leaving the parlor so early. Adelaide, I am sure, must have been the proposing party. Guy kept shy of her for a long while, but she brought him to bay at last."

They were so busy with themselves they paid little heed to Ada, and she had time to recover herself.

This was the end then, the very end of all. She would go to the ball; she *must*, and then get away from N—— as quickly as possible. She could live down her wounded love and pride, but not there. Going to her mother, she begged:

"Mamma, will you take me to town early to-morrow morning. Say nothing, please, of your intentions to any one. You can leave a note for Mrs. Stuart."

Mrs. Conway looked up in displeased surprise, but noticing Ada's suppressed excitement, gave her ready consent.

Locking herself in her room, she got rid of the time as best she might until the hour to dress. She bore off the palm that night. Nothing human could have been more beautiful. She wore amber satin, trimmed with white lace and festoons of creamy pearls; her luxuriant black hair, with intertwining strings of pearls, was arranged in massy coils about her head; large hoops of pearls hung from her ears; her necklace and bracelets an empress might have envied. She represented some Eastern princess, and surely no soft-eyed Houri that ever tuned a poet's fancy into song could have been more lovely. Guy tried to keep her to himself; she never repulsed him, but contrived, without apparent effort, to keep the attention general. She was gay and brilliant, seeming to take an innocent pleasure in her success that was graceful and charming. Mrs. Wyman was very lovely, as Evening, in blue velvet and diamonds; but never was Ada's sparkling piquancy brought out to such advantage as by contrast with our blonde beauty.

Once assured of her triumph, Ada glided away, and was far on her journey long before Guy realized that another day had dawned. His surprise and indignation were unbounded when he learned of the Conways' sudden departure; he could find no clue to Ada's conduct, and at last decided she was what people called her, a "flirt." He "deserved it all," he said, "for a second time trusting a woman." Instead of following her, he lingered on, paying court to the widow with almost savage earnestness. Her hopes were high, and as she contradicted none of the rumors, people straggling back to B—— confirmed the news of her engagement, and drove away the last remnant of hope which Ada had unconsciously cherished. Will. came to see her, telling that Guy and Mrs. Wyman were to visit the Hydes at their country seat, to stay until Christmas, when they were to be married; at least, "the widow told me, 'I will be with the Hydes until Christmas, when I must return home to prepare for an event which I hope will bring me great happiness.' She blushed and simpered so, I said, 'I suppose you allude to your approaching marriage.' Guy joined us here, and with congratulations to both, I left them."

She was no favorite of Will.'s; still less so since he felt a vague mistrust of her avowed friendship for Ada.

As Christmas drew near, Ada wrote her sister-in-law, living in New Orleans:

"NELLIE DEAR: I am weary of snow and ice, and am pining for a glimpse of your sunny Southern home. Send Julius for me, and mamma will let me make the visit promised you so long."

Julius met her in Washington, and took her to New Orleans, where she soon became as great a favorite as in her own circle at home.

Mrs. Conway sent him an account of their summer's trip, and mentioned her suspicions relative to Guy and Ada. He watched her closely, and put his clever little wife up to doing the same, but no word or action betrayed her. One day at dinner, shortly after her arrival, he said to her:

"You have never given me an account of Guy's sojourn at N——. I am sure no man of his wealth and personal attractions could have remained there a month unmolested by the mammas, to say nothing of the lovely daughters' efforts in their own behalf."

With a glance of surprise, she answered:

"Why, surely mamma told you of his engagement to Mrs. Wyman! I should have mentioned it earlier, but supposed she had already done so."

"So Adelaide has actually hunted him down; but I'll not believe Guy so weak as to be a second time her captive, however much appearances may favor the supposition."

"There can be no question about it," she answered, rising to leave the table. "She wears an emerald ring, and shows it as his pledge to her."

Julius imagined he knew more of that emerald than Ada did, and guessed Mrs. Wyman's little plotting. His sister and friend were both too dear to him for any foolish conventionalities to prevent his attempting to give them a chance to understand each other, and at once dispatched a letter to Guy, which caused him to take a hasty leave of the Hydes, much to the widow's discomfiture.

He hurried to B——, paid Mrs. Conway a long call, and then started South. The day of his arrival Ada was out. On her return, late in the afternoon, Nellie followed her to her dressing-room, bidding her:

"Make yourself as charming as possible. We have company, a new arrival, and you are very late."

Mentally vowing the "new arrival" a bore, she made a quick toilet, and reached the drawing-room just after dinner was announced. Late as she was, there was some one later. She had heard the closing of a door near by, and rapid footsteps following hers. And now a gentleman entered, and coming up to her, said:

"I tried to reach here in time to open the door for you, but you were too swift. I might have imagined you were fleeing from me, but that we are both so late."

A second's pallor, then with a flush that might pass for surprise, she extended her hand, saying:

"Nellie told me of new arrivals, but I never dreamed of meeting you, Mr. Wentworth."

He took her in to dinner. She was brilliant and fascinating, but as the ladies withdrew she pleaded fatigue, and went to her room.

She was amazed at Guy's appearance South, and became sorely puzzled at his protracted stay. Christmas had come and gone, yet he lingered. Nothing was ever said of Mrs. Wyman, or of his approaching marriage, and she was too proud to question. Her conclusion was that he had again been disappointed, and was trying to forget his pain in amusing himself with her. Without in any visible way avoiding him, she surrounded herself with an atmosphere of reserve he found it impossible to penetrate. Hoping to win from her some evidence of feeling that might lead to a reconciliation, he tried her again and again by allusions to the past. She met them with a frankness that would have charmed, had he not regarded it as an evidence of mere friendliness, perhaps indifference. He had believed she loved him; now, deciding that he had been the dupe of his own vanity, he determined a second time to try foreign travel as an antidote for wounded affection. So these two, loving each other so dearly, might have drifted apart forever, but for a chance conversation. Ada was blue and lazy. Drawing a large chair within a curtained alcove of the library, she tried to solace herself with a book. Either the tale was uninteresting, or she had not recovered from last night's fatigue, for she soon dozed dreamily, and was only aroused at dusk by the hum of voices in the room. Before she could decide whether she were really awake, or still dreaming, she heard Julius say:

"But that Ada is so unapproachable where Guy is concerned, I might tell her the true story of that emerald, which seems to have been the cause of the trouble. Adelaide gave it to him on his departure for Germany. He continued wearing it after her marriage, 'as a talisman,' he said, 'to keep him safe from women's wiles.' Some allusions of hers while at N—— caused him to return it. He supposes she must have divined how matters stood between him and Ada, and lied about it, in order to part them."

Ada heard nothing further. She remained behind her shelter, with crimson cheeks, and pulses throbbing with excitement. Guy was true, and she had been cruel and unwomanly in her lack of faith and hasty injustice. She must tell him. He was too proud ever to forgive her; still, she must tell him.

Directly she heard Guy enter from the street. Nellie and Julius spoke for a moment with him, then passed on to the parlor, while he came into the library. Without giving herself time for reflection, she parted the curtains and stood before him the picture of sweet humility, while, with trembling lips, she confessed her error.

He waited until she had quite finished; then putting his arm around her and drawing her to him, at the same time lifting her face to his, that he might look into her eyes, said:

"Then you do love me; and now that you are satisfied of my truth, will be my wife?"

Her quivering lips could frame no words, but he was satisfied.

Julius and Nellie, as well as Guy, accompanied her home soon after, and in the spring there was a grand wedding at the stately Conway mansion.

Mrs. Wyman, as soon as the engagement was announced, sailed with a gay party for Europe, and has remained abroad ever since.

THE MOTHER'S LESSON.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"Now look here, Ma'am," said Major Jessamine to Mrs. Mickington, "these children have been in my room again. As sure as the world, they have! The inkstand is tipped over on the new green and black table cover, the sand-box emptied into the cigar stand, and my slipper full of crumpled papers! Ma'am, Job himself couldn't have stood this sort of thing."

Mrs. Mickington looked aghast.

"I'm very sorry, sir," said she. "I don't see how it could possibly have happened. I thought I'd kept an eye on 'em all day, but it was Saturday, you see, and they're like so many wild creatures let loose."

"Ma'am, a month's notice!" said Major Jessamine, jerking out his spectacle case.

"Oh, Major!" whimpered Mrs. Mickington. "After you've lodged with me ten years!"

"I wonder those children haven't been the death of me long ago!" said Major Jessamine. "Flesh and blood can't endure it!"

"I've tried my best," pleaded Mrs. Mickington; "but children *will* be children, and—"

"And that's the reason I give you notice, Mrs. Mickington," said the Major. "I am sorry for you, Ma'am, as a widow, and a hard-working woman, but I honestly think those children are the most spoiled young brats I ever came across. You'll never let your rooms to any advantage until they learn to conduct themselves better, and so I tell you as a friend."

And Major Jessamine went back to his suit of apartments, leaving Mrs. Mickington with her apron thrown over her head.

"Another window cracked," muttered he; "and the print of Josey's five dirty little fingers on my yellow satin curtains! And a birdsnest in the branch of the gas fixture. I wonder where that Billy expects to go to when he dies! And Sarah Jane's doll has been having a tea-party in the alcove," he added maliciously, as his foot crushed a miniature tea-saucer into the carpet. "Mrs. Mickington is a nice, respectful woman, cooks to a charm, and understands just how I want things done; but those young ones are simply intolerable. If they could be drowned or hung, or something of that sort, now, like blind puppies or kittens—" And Major Jessamine chuckled grimly at the idea.

Meanwhile Mrs. Mickington went bewailing herself down to the kitchen, where the week's wash was yet in an embryo state as regarded completion. The baby, a round-eyed specimen of eighteen months, with cheeks as red as if they had been varnished, and hair brushed into a perpendicular billow, or tuft, on the very apex of his head, was tied into a chair, complacently sucking the end of a bone rattle. Joe, Billy and Sarah Ann were engaged in filling their lunch-boxes for school.

"Ma," cried Joe, "I want one o' them red apples!"

"Ma," shrieked Sarah Ann, "he's got my slice of gingerbread away!"

"An't I to have a hard-boiled egg, ma? An't I to have a hard-boiled egg?" persisted Billy, pulling at his mother's skirts. "I said my multiplication-table right. An't I to have a hard-boiled egg?"

At that instant the baby hurt its gums with a sharp angle in the bone carving, and uttered a shrill shriek; the water in the copper boiled over, and a cloud of steam rolled up from the range; the milkman knocked clamorously, with the war-cry peculiar to his species, and the cat knocked a pitcher off the dresser shelves. Mrs. Mickington's worn thread of patience gave way at last.

"Get out of my sight, every one of you!" she said despairingly. "You are a set of bad, quarrelsome, good-for-nothing young reprobates, and it's quite true what poor dear Major Jessamine says about you. Get out of my sight, I say, and *keep* out. I never want to see your faces again!"

The three children, half aggrieved and half conscience-stricken, slunk away to school; the baby, pacified with having the end of his rattle steeped in molasses, left off crying; the milkman brought in the milk, and Mrs. Mickington lifted the boiler off, and picked up the broken bits of china with tears in her faded blue eyes.

"It's enough to drive a poor woman raving distracted, so it is!" said she. "I declare I've 'most a mind to give up sometimes. I could get along so nice and quiet if I hadn't any children. The wise man in Scripture calls 'em a heritage from the Lord, but I guess he was rich, and could afford to keep a raft o' nurses. Dear, dear! the world's a hard place to live in! And the Major's given me a month's notice, after boarding with me for ten years, come next Christmas-day. I declare it makes me feel 'most as bad as I did when poor Mickington died—and all the children's fault!"

And Mrs. Mickington went about her washing with a heavy heart.

"Just my usual luck!" she sighed at last. "The wash half through, and not a grain of starch in the house. Now I *must* run to the grocer's. If the Major hadn't been so aggravated, I could have taken the baby up to the sofa in his room, and asked him just to keep an eye to the little creature while I was out; but I don't dare to for my life, *now*. I sha'n't be gone but five seconds though, and I don't believe any harm will come to the child."

And Mrs. Mickington barricaded her youngest behind the kitchen table, and darted out with a pocket handkerchief tied over her ears.

There was a knot of people gathered at the corner talking, as she entered the grocery, and others stood leaning around on the boxes and barrels.

"I hope your children wasn't among them as was hurt, Mrs. Mickington," observed the grocer, as he tied up her packet of starch.

"Hurt? No. Why should they be hurt?" said the widow, laying down her pennies on the counter.

"Bless my soul!" said the grocer, who was a fat, kindly-natured soul. "I don't believe she's heard of it."

"Heard of what?" feebly gasped Mrs. Mickington.

"There's been a accident at Number Three," said a hoarse-voiced man, "and there's all of a dozen young 'uns killed. Stairs fell down at recess time."

"Needn't to ha' told her quite so sudden, Jones," said the grocer reproachfully. "Don't you see she's faintin'?"

But Mrs. Mickington was not fainting, although her face was as utterly devoid of color as though it had been moulded in the worthy grocer's best tallow. She darted down the street, moaning softly, and wringing her hands.

"They're dead! they're dead and gone!" she wailed; "and I never shall hear their sweet little voices again; and only to think I sent 'em away with a hard word and a frown, not two hours ago! I told 'em I never wanted to see their faces again; and the Lord has took me at my word! I'll call the Major. I'll ask him to go round, for I haven't the courage nor the strength myself. Oh, my children! my children! to think that I sent 'em away so!"

As she entered her kitchen, she saw that the baby's chair was empty.

"Oh, my God!" she wailed, wringing her hands; "he's gone! Oh, Major, Major!"

The Major nearly fell over her, as she tottered up the stairs, holding feebly by the rail.

"What's the matter, ma'am?" breathlessly demanded the old gentleman. "House on fire? No matter, it's insured."

"The children, Major! the children!" gasped Mrs. Mickington. "There's been an accident in the school-house, and—and—"

"Not *dead!*"

Mrs. Mickington answered only by a burst of tears and sobs.

The Major caught his hat from the pegs, his face as pale as the mother's own.

"I'll go round and see. Pray Heaven it's nothing serious," he stuttered. "Reports are always exaggerated. I dare—dare say they're all safe and sound. I—I'll go and see. Dear little Billy! and he was only eight years old yesterday. And Sarah Ann, that I taught to say the 'Beggar's Petition' without missing a word from beginning to end! And Joe, that could put on my slippers and spectacles, and laugh so you couldn't tell him from me myself! They're not dead! they *can't* be dead, you see! But I'll go round, just to set your mind at rest, Mrs. Mickington. Bless your heart! of course, ma'am, it's all right."

And away hurried Major Jessamine, with his hat thrust on wrong side before, and the scarlet skirts of his dressing-gown hanging six good inches below his overcoat, making him look not unlike a gorgeous cockatoo escaped from its cage.

As Mrs. Mickington stared vacantly after him, Betsey Sloper, her next neighbor, came in with the identical baby in her arms.

"Now look here, Sally Mickington," said she, "the next time you go to market and leave poor little Jimmy all alone so, I'll *never* bring him back. Why, any one might ha' kidnapped him, poor, dear, blessed darling!"

And clasping the restored treasure in her arms, Mrs. Mickington sobbed out her grief to the friendly ear of Miss Sloper.

"And I—I told 'em never to show their faces to me again!" she wept.

"That was a foolish thing to say, sure enough," said Betsey; "but, dear heart, the good Lord don't always take us at our word. Hope for the best till you know the worst; that's my motto. And here comes the Major now."

Sure enough, the Major was visible from the window, hatless and eager, with his scarlet skirts streaming meteor fashion behind him, Sarah Ann in his arms, and the two boys following, their arms laden with toys, sugar-plums, and picture books.

"Ma! ma!" screamed Joe, "the Major says he'll take us to Central Park, Saturday."

"Ma!" interposed Billy, "we was on the stairs but we didn't get hurt. Jack Emmons is killed, Jack is! The Major says he'll buy me a squirrel in a tin cage."

"Oh, Major, how can I ever thank you?" sobbed Mrs. Mickington.

"Don't say a word, ma'am," responded Major Jessamine, "but get right down on your knees and thank God for His mercies. And—I say, ma'am, of course you'll pay no attention to my little joke this morning about giving a month's notice. Bless my heart, I belong in your second floor front now, and I'm sure I don't know what I should ever do without the children!"

And Mrs. Mickington kept her lodger.

—Painting and sculpture, next to poetry, constitute the grand medium by which the sublimest ideas and the most exquisite sensations are conveyed to the human mind.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

HOPE.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

What is it I have lost with years,
With the shedding of salt tears
Over all the pall-draped hours
Of my sorrow-haunted manhood?
Not life both its subtle charms,
Still I know both joy and calm;
Still I cannot have power to harm,
Should he wander hither.

Yet I look within my heart,
And am withered and discussed;
Not a flower of love is there,
Blighted mine, that I can wear,
And when in the glass I look,
There I read as in a book,
Something hath my life forsook,
By the face there mirrored.

Ah, alas! hall well I know
What it is hath changed me so:
Hope hath long turned to go
From me, and I am left
But all ye to lift "to-day"
Who has mocked me in life's May,
Yesterday.

THE RIVAL SISTERS.

By ELIZA A. DUPUY,

AUTHOR OF THE "CAVE QUEEN," THE "WHITE TERROR," ETC., ETC.

[To enable new readers of the *Ledger* to understand this story and the many that have gone before, and read it all from the beginning, we here give a synopsis of their portion of it which has been already published. Armand Landry, of *Le Bocage*, Louisiana, a wealthy sugar planter, and widower, who was killed in a railroad accident near Pontchartrain, N.J., and Estelle was so badly injured on the same occasion that she was entirely unconscious. Armand Landry, from whom he had, years before, separated, left a will in which he made provision for the future of Mrs. Lorme, with her children Hester, who was bereft to a succession of the property, and Estelle, and, as Hester looked on it, illegally like her half-sister Estelle that it was almost a relief to her when she found that Estelle remained in the state of passing Hester off for Estelle, and keeping the latter, with the aid of Dr. Hester Lorme, a prisoner in her own house. Hester finally agreed to this, and Hester, assuming herself of the worthless character of Estelle, with letters, notes, etc., of introduction to Le Bocage, the princely homestead of the Landrys, to which Estelle was to have been taken, but which, on the impound on the white personal property, was lost, but Estelle's old nurse Zelime and her daughter Zelie, suspected something was wrong. Hester discovered, from Estelle's private papers, that Estelle had been married secretly to Jacques Landry, and that Estelle's child, Lorme, whose whereabout mother lived near Le Bocage. Surprised on by Hester, Estelle was conveyed home, when he and Estelle were to be published. Hester, however, with the aid of Zelie, who had learned of the discovery, and assisted Hester Mason to put Estelle out of the way, so she (Hester) could secretly represent on his return, introduced Mason a large sum in cash to console his wife for the loss of her child. Hester, with Zelie, left for Mobile, and Hester, under the name of Mrs. Estelle, Mrs. Mullet the nurse, and Eunice Barker, a deaf and dumb waiter girl. In New Orleans Hester met Estelle, as he thought, and started for Le Bocage, but on the way Estelle left Mrs. Mullet, Hester and neighbor, and with the assistance of Mrs. Blake's assistant shipwrecked to be mistaken for the real Dr. Presley, a rival and foe of Mason, and with his aid removed the child Lorme from the care of Zelie. Hester, with the letter of the Count of the Landry estate, which Hester was standing with Mrs. Lorme, the governess of Mrs. Landry, Estelle's youngest daughter, Mrs. De Lorme, and others. On seeing Mason, Hester fainted, and was carried away, and Mason had believed it dreaded in the succeeding chapter.]

CHAPTER XLVII.

HESTER'S MUSE—THE DEATH NOTICE.

Hester's shadow eyes recognized Mason as soon as he stepped upon the shore, but she had no idea of awakening at the lever to welcome him. She took Miss Lyman's arm, and said:

"Let us go in at once, dear friend." I feel very weak, and I am afraid the excitement of this day's scene, in the gentleman who has just left cannot be coming to Le Bocage, and if he should be, he can find his way without being escorted by us."

As they passed the group of servants, she ordered them to go in at once; then drawing Miss Chester's arm within hers, continued:

"Come with us, pete; now that Marion is gone, I shall need your companionship as much as I used to in the old days. I shall not be able to sleep to-night, and I want to get for his loss.

In her excitement at the outward arrival of Mason, she had forgotten that Mrs. Lorme and her daughters, and she now turned graciously toward them, as if to say that they were still standing on the levee, watching the steps of the steamer. But she had no control almost failed her, and she faintly said:

"I feel ill. Pray go back to Mrs. Lorme, Miss Lyman, and explain to her why I have no immediate attention with her. Charles will accompany me to the house. I must lie down a few moments, for I feel quite overcome, and all I have had to attend to-day."

Without waiting for a reply, Hester turned quickly toward the house, sweeping Claire Chester with her, and leaving Miss Lyman standing after her in blank astonishment at the movements, and then approached Mrs. De Lorme and delivered the message with which she was charged.

"Hester" said that lady very composedly. "It can hardly be anything serious, for she was looking remarkably well this morning. I thought the person who landed from the steamer was Mr. Mason, but I am so impressed now that I was mistaken. I am quite a stranger to me. We had better go in at once, Miss Lyman, for it is getting cool."

While they were talking, the ladies had crossed the open space in front of the house and entered the gate. Mason paused a moment on the broad banquet, and then walked steadily forward, entered the gate, and touching his hat respectfully, said to Miss Lyman:

"Is this Le Bocage, the residence of the late Armand Landry?"

"You are quite right, sir; this is Le Bocage," Mason answered in his rank, and with a respectful manner;

"I have had honor of attending Mr. Landry in his last illness; you may have heard his daughter speak of me as a very particular friend. What has brought me here I will explain to Mrs. De Lorme, if you please, for at once, as she will undertake to see me who has travelled so far with no other object in view than a worthy purpose."

Mrs. De Lorme regarded the speaker with undisguised astonishment, but replied quickly:

"Have you any claims on Miss Landry, sir, which you have found it necessary to take so long a journey to enforce? If your bill has been presented to her father, you will find her but a feeble reed to rely upon. Miss Landry is penniless. We were overtaken by a sudden and painful circumstance, and the young lady was indebted to me for her watch which I always carry with me, since I do not cause here in the character of her governess. Miss Landry is penniless, and I regret to be obliged to say it."

The two had fallen behind the others, and now Mrs. De Lorme spoke with less asperity:

"I think I begin to understand on what mission you have come, sir. That rapacious woman is not satisfied, I suppose, with what has been done for her and her daughter, and they have sent you to work on Miss Landry's feelings. Well, sir, I am glad I am not present, Dr. Mason!"

Mason hesitated a moment, and then said:

"I did come on behalf of Mrs. Blake and her daughter. Of course you know who and what they are, Madam; but I assure you that I understood my present mission for the benefit of the heiress, more than for that of any other person. I came hither to present a letter of introduction to Miss Landry, and to serve of that wrong I am told has been done Mrs. De Lorme, though it may be that you will receive all in detail before many days have passed away."

Both mystified and annoyed, Mrs. De Lorme quickened her pace, and curtly said:

"I can only say, sir, I shall not solicit from Miss Landry a confidence which must be voluntarily offered me."

After seeing Hester, when she found approaching the house, Mason had turned to Dr. Lorme, and without deigning to notice Mrs. De Lorme, said:

Miss Lyman was summoned to Hester's apartment, and presently returned with a short message before the ladies, who sat sitting on the porch.

Miss Landry was too much indisposed to appear that evening, but she hoped that Dr. Mason would not take leave of Le Bocage on her house, and in the morning she would receive him. Mason bowed, and replied that to the business that had brought him so far from his own home.

Mason accepted the excuse, and made himself as agreeable as possible to Miss Lyman and Claire. He felt very certain that Hester would find some means of communicating with him before the night was over, and he fully understood the sham illness which prevented her from appearing at the supper table.

At a late hour, Mason, under the plea of fatigue, retired to the room which had been prepared for him. He felt certain that he should find some communication there for him, but he was disappointed.

While the others were at supper, Zelinda Mullet, Hester's nurse, entered, and Hester dashed off a few reproachful lines to her former mistress, then locked the door, and ordered the housekeeper to prepare for him.

He took up the note, and found it blank, with the edges visible in such a manner as would suggest to the observer that the contents were designed for himself.

Hester had been supplied with her two—a bottle of wine and a Bohemian goblet of peculiar ruby color so finely cut as to be quite transparent.

She took from her casket an almost impalpable powder, and poured it on the rim of the goblet; it was strychnine; and the few grains that adhered to it, if touched to the lips, would suffice to destroy the strongest man.

Her fancy was busy with the face of that strange slave in them, as she made these preparations. She had seen him but for a moment, her sensitive, delicate nature shrinking from the stern steps to the chamber appointed for her, surveying the luxurious furniture with which he would be sure to find it. She carried in her hand a small paper-knife, and cut open the rare wine of which she found a store on her bed-room table, and placed the goblet of death within its glowing circle.

Then she took a small pair of scissors, and cut from her head many of those long, heavy, very beautiful, she thought, for an invalid. Then she was ready for the coming of the evil spirit.

"Now Miss Marion's gone, I s'pose you'll want me, Miss Estelle, to sleep in de dressin' room? Miss Marion always do when she's gone, and now Zi'lieme's gone, I stayed wi' her, an' I's fussed to sleep in de room all by my self."

"Stay with Sylvia then, till some arrangement can be made for you. I do not want you to sleep in my room."

"Yes, Miss Estelle," said Sylvia, with new food for suspicion, took her departure.

She got pale as a ghost when she saw that her mistress had left the room.

She got pale as a ghost when she saw that her mistress had left the room.

Hester locked up his own light, stroke after her, and setting it down beside the bed, she began to undress herself very deliberately said:

"I will have both the money and her who so generously offered it as a sop to Cerberus. I will not be cheated out of my own, and I will not be cheated out of my own, and I will not be cheated out of my own, and

A FISHER-GIRL.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

Aloft on the cliff, in a shanty row,
Seven sea-quills preening their breasts of snow;
A well-surf breaking for evermore
In mellow thunder on shoal and shore.

The waste sand dunes, to the fen wind kissed,
Pour out from their cauldron of creeping mist,
Till the white fog-wraith has hidden the land,
The swift sails melt like a dream away.

The tide runs in, and the tide runs out,
Leaping the low reefs with a foam and shout,
And fair little Muriel sits in the sun,
Counting her treasures, one by one.

A curious pebble, a dainty shell
Shaped like an Elfin diving bell;
A bit of amber, a coral spur,
Spoils of the tangle-laden weir.

A wonderful, weird, sea-woven gown
Of shimmering opal and pearl and brown;
Such raiment as the Lorelei had
Braids for the shoon of her golden hair.

And sweet little Muriel, weaving now
Over her tresses the gathered tries,
And never a Nereid blushed and smiled
In fairer guise than the fisher-child.

With cheeks like the pink sea-shells aglow,
And eyes as blue as the tints of the sea,
And ripples of gold in the hair that flow
Blending under the lee of her bodice low.

Her scarlet lips, her tooth like pearls,
And the dazzling rain of her white bare arms,
That break from her garland in ripple and ring,
Yellow as daffodils born in spring;

Over her dimpled shoulders, white
As the combing surf in the moon-moonlight,
Down to her supple waist they shine,
Flecked with the spray of the dancing brine.

Skimming the shallows, her darting's best
Is the flash of the sun on her snowy breast;
And wings, and the shadows of wings, fit over
The sunlit path of her father River.

Up the shingle the white waves slips,
And a wild sea bubbles across her lips;
The winds are merry, the day is fair,
The tumbling pool of the rolling tide.

"Oh, youth is easy, and love is sweet,
But sorrow follows with lagging feet,
And waters will rise, and winds will stray,
But love is the pearl of the heart for aye."

TWO METHODS.

BY MARY ELLE DALLAS.

Mrs. Edmond lived opposite Mrs. Clow: Mrs. Clow naturally, and as a matter of course, lived opposite Mrs. Edmond. Their houses were of the same style, and furnished in about the same manner; and their husbands were men of comfortable incomes, who were still able to provide well for their families. Each of the ladies had four children, and singularly enough, three boys and one girl apiece. In these respects the description of one was the description of the other, but in character and mentally they were as far as east is from west.

Mrs. Clow was mild and easy in her temper, and not a model housekeeper. Mrs. Edmond was firm, fond of managing and ruling, and a housekeeper such as one can seldom meet with.

"A good little woman," she would say of her neighbor, "but how she managed her children and household affairs I can't see the power to keep them in subjection. As for her house, just look at it! Her furniture is half worn out, and mine is just as good as ever; and everybody, from black Hannah up, does exactly as he or she pleases. Why, if things were that way at my house, I should die. I have exact rules for everything, and nobody dares to disobey me."

Mrs. Edmond never visiting Mrs. Edmond's house would have seen, as a matter of fact, what she said was strictly true. Here was not company housekeeping. Always at moments, any one could have walked through the whole establishment without betraying a blush by the cheek of its mistress. Every inmate had a place and a duty, and was held to them as by a kind of law. So the constant overlooking of any disobedient child, Rain or shine, the four children went to school, unless absolutely ill. No headache, or pain under the apron, was an excuse.

The little girl had her room to attend to before she left the house, and on every return each sat down to learn next day's tasks.

The child who cried was not petted, whatever the cause. The child whose apron needed changing more than once a week, or whose face was switched also. No matter how much the boys might tease, or how rough their play, or wicked was a crime. Talking at table was not allowed. And every one old enough to walk went to church twice, and to Sabbath school twice, each Sunday.

Eight was bad hours no matter how beautiful the evening, or how tempting the book or the toy—though indeed very little such temptation existed for the poor little Edmonds.

Their mother was not fond of toys. Her little heroines unless they happened to be the lives of impossible young saints who expired at the tender age of five, after being edifying enough to convert their grandmothers; and such "messy" amusements as dressing and making rag dolls, cutting paper figures, painting scrap books, whittling, making bows, and baking mud pies, were utterly tabooed in the nursery of Mrs. Edmond.

The parlors were darkened and preserved intact. No little foot ever crossed their sills. Mr. Edmond was only allowed to smoke on the back porch, and changed his boots for slippers in the outer hall on returning home after a dusty walk. As for Mrs. Edmond, she sat and sewed in the dining-room, and in a manner near her for threads; never dropped a needle, or left a spool on the floor, or ever lamented her baby by walking with it or leaving it on her knee—an orderly baby, who held up its hands, after eating and being still, until its pap were washed, and who, when it cried, was allowed to "cry it out," unkissed and unpetted.

Jack and Jim, Lizzie and baby were always trim, neat and quiet; often in a sulky state, but never loudly sounding or excited a point. The house was a picture of order, and economy, and management, and the children were neat and plumcook.

How that woman was bringing her family up, said every one.

Now, at the Clows', the parlor was as free as any room in the house. It was even Mr. Clow's favorite smoking place.

Tilly was allowed to refuse fat meat; and Tom need not eat turnips, because he hated them.

In fact, it's a perfect bedlam," said Mrs. Edmond; "and when I think what her children will turn out, Edmond and I deem Mary is, I feel sorry for the woman, though it is her own fault."

Why, her parlor carpet has a dark in it close by the door."

And no one but a doubt that a model family would be the result of Mrs. Edmond's management.

Nothing in the state of living when a weight her, who was intimate with both families, left the boys, Jim visited every room for ten years, and of course the young people were grown up and the middle-aged ones getting elderly when he returned. His first inquiry was for Mrs. Edmond and Mary Ann.

"Poor Mrs. Edmond," said his informant, "she has had much trouble. Poor Jack is a wretched loafer, and drunk at the tavern door half the time."

"Jack!" cried the new-comer. "Why, his mother fagged him for smoking a cigar when he was fourteen!"

"Yes," replied the other. "He was spoiled by indulgence, and one of his own house. The tavern covered its doors to him. This is the result. Dr. Edmond is was four years old, and refused his supper one night. His mother whipped him for it, and he died about three next morning. Jim found more unbearable, and went to live elsewhere. He is a terrible sort of creature; don't believe in a future state of existence, and is a thorough infidel. I can't say I feel any warmth for him."

"Brought up so strictly, too," cried the astonished hearer. "And never missed a service!"

"That is just it," said the gossip. "Religion was made a sort of punishment to him, and he hates it to this day. He was brought up too strong a term to exert the passive. True religion is love, and Mrs. Edmond knew it not. Lizzie—well, poor Lizzie run away. Her mother drove her to it, and she died in a hospital in Boston, because the young man did not suit her parents. Mary Ann—you remember Mary Ann—got desperate and went to the bad. Her father's heart broke at that, and poor Mrs. Edmond is living in some kind of a woman's home or asylum, and glad to be there."

"And if all that happened to Mrs. Edmond's children," cried Mrs. Clow's visitor, "what did the old gentleman.

"Why, married the other," "Mr. Clow died of a bad fall, very suddenly, and she had very little left. Mrs. Edmond's share of her husband's money."

"Henry?" cried the other. "Why, I'm surprised."

"Yes, and has a call, and they all live at the parsonage. Mrs. Edmond's daughter-in-law to church sometimes when you knew him, but after a while he said that a country congregation was too sensible and good must be left to the care of his wife, and he went to work in the city. Now they have called Simeon when you left, and were very much pleased with him. Simeon is thought highly of. He left off smoking after he had tried it for a long time, and found that it was not comfortable. Home is such a dear place to both Simeon and his wife that they have made a son wants her to marry him, but she puts off the day. She is very fond of her mother. As for Jack, he has gone to college; he brothers keep him there.

"Well, I declare!" cried the visitor. "I am so I think that children only turn out well if one of the parents does their duty. Why has the model mother suffered so, and the poor Clows so little?"

"For this reason," said the speaker: "One had to be punished for the sins of the other, or her children happy. Children are innocent: they are responsible for no sins, and they can be nothing wrong in this. She thought, and so did her husband, that they were doing right, and both were conscientious people, and kept in religious matters. So through fear, through love, through pain and joy, they had while a cold and cruel exercise of authority, a warm and tender one, equally guided the whole. None of childhood's longings have lost Mrs. Clow's children their bloom, nor have neat and unscratched tables ever small compensation for the loss of purity and love in their children. She sneers well, but she was misguided."

ANECDOTE OF POPE.

Most of our readers have doubtless heard of the quarrel between Addison and Pope, which, originating in trifles, ended in the most determined and implacable hatred. Some of the circumstances connected with this unfortunate occasion. They were as follows:

Pope was in the habit of Button's Coffee-house, where himself, and Swift, and Arbuthnot, and other wits of the day, were wont to meet over a manuscript copy of the Greek Articles, which they could not comprehend, and which they hoped to find some one who could translate for them. Addison, a Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford, being a great scholar, was chosen by them to be another part of the